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UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA

OCTOCENTENARY FESTIVAL

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*Anal. p. 113.*

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The  
*Octocentenary Festival*  
of the  
*University of Bologna*

JUNE 1888

INCLUDING

*THE STUDENTS' FESTIVITIES*

DESCRIBED BY THE EDINBURGH STUDENTS' DELEGATE

*THE OCTOCENTENARY ODE*

OF PROFESSOR ENRICO PANZACCHI

AND

*THE OCTOCENTENARY ADDRESS*

OF PROFESSOR GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

BY

JOHN KIRKPATRICK

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

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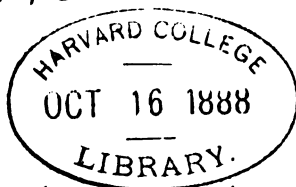
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1888

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*Minat fund*

"Thou art the home of all Art yields!"

BYRON.

## P R E F A C E.

THE following account of the memorable Octo-centenary Festival of the University of Bologna is contained in a series of letters written at the time to the *Scotsman* newspaper, with a few subsequent corrections and additions, and is supplemented by a description of the Students' Festivities by Mr A. H. BRIGGS CONSTABLE, M.A., Delegate of the Students' Representative Council of the University of Edinburgh, communicated originally to the *Evening Dispatch*. It is therefore largely to the kindness and courtesy of the Editors of these newspapers and of my friend and congenial fellow-traveller Mr Constable that this little volume owes its existence. Lest, however, these descriptions might have been thought too slender to warrant republication, I have added, by kind permission of the Authors, Professor Panzacchi's beautiful Octo-centenary Ode, with an attempted English version, and a translation of Professor Carducci's Octo-centenary Address (which, in its Italian garb, was

considered a masterpiece of oratory), as well as a few other documents. Nothing would have been easier than to make further additions from the congratulatory addresses and odes written for the occasion ; but these will probably be published ere long by the University in a solemn Octocentenary Volume, while this little book is merely intended to convey a general idea of the nature of the Festival. Hence the unavoidable omission of many important names and interesting events, which I hope will not be deemed unpardonable by the persons concerned. To what has been said in the letters I have only now to add that all who attended the Festival will agree in pronouncing it a singularly interesting and memorable celebration, in expressing their gratitude to their many kind and hospitable friends, and in cordially wishing long life and prosperity to the venerable and far-famed University of Bologna. All honour and hearty thanks in particular to the Rector of the University, to the Sindaco of Bologna, to the Minister of Public Instruction, and above all to their gracious Majesties the King and Queen of Italy !



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## I.

## PRELIMINARY.

MILAN; *Friday, 8th June 1888.*

“So you are going to Bologna?” said a Philistine friend to me the other day; “is not that where they make the sausages?” “Yes,” replied I, mildly; “and I believe it is also rather famous for its soap, and bonbons, and macaroni, and other manufactures, and I understand it is lighted with gas and well supplied with water; and so I mean to go and see all these attractions.” *Sancta simplicitas!* Bologna, as all students of Italian history or of Roman Law are aware, is one of the most ancient and famous of Italian cities. An excellent idea of its many attractions may be obtained from Mr

Baedeker's "Northern Italy," or from Mr Hare's "Walks in Italian Cities," or from almost any other book of Italian travel ; but, as the town will become the cynosure of all eyes during the next few days, it may not be out of place to recall a few of its characteristics. Originally the ancient Etruscan Felsina, it was conquered by the Gallic Boii, and called by them Bononia ; and it is partly to the Etruscan and partly to the Gallic period that the very interesting tombs of Marzabotto belong. In B.C. 190 it was colonised by the Romans, and became a place of great importance. About the end of the eighth century Charlemagne constituted Bologna a free city, whence it derives its proud motto, "*Libertas* ;" and ever since that period its inhabitants have been famous for their sturdy love of independence. Hardly less famous is a second motto of the city, "*Bononia docet*," fre-

quently met with on ancient coins, and derived from its fame as a seat of learning, and from the foundation of its University 800 years ago. Again, among other notable attractions, it possesses two almost unique leaning towers, the *Torre Asinelli* and the *Torre Garisenda*, the latter immortalised by Dante, and the exquisite St Cecilia of Raphael, which alone would repay a very long pilgrimage. Add to these features its many picturesque old buildings, its *palazzi*, its churches, its arcaded streets, with their rich Italian colouring, and its good-looking, olive-complexioned inhabitants, often gaily attired in the brightest of hues, and you have an approximate idea of Bologna. Probably more euphonious to the ear and more savoury to the nostril of the Philistine is a third motto or epithet, "*Bologna la grassa*," which the city doubtless owes to its wealth and prosperity, and not, as popularly sup-

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posed, to the richness of its *cuisine*. In contrast with all these features, but certainly not without interest, is the fact that the Bolognese, not content to rest upon their ancient laurels, have been among the foremost modern champions of the independence of Italy. On 8th August 1848 they vigorously repulsed a superior force of Austrian besiegers under General Perglas; on 8th August 1849 the patriotic priest Ugo Bassi, after having been excommunicated, was executed here for his devotion to the cause of Italian liberty; while the illustrious and venerable Count Aurelio Saffi (one of the honorary Professors in the University), a tower of strength to the cause, largely contributed to, and has long survived its triumphant success.

On all these grounds Bologna is a very remarkable place; and if time permitted, and materials were handy, one would be



tempted to enter into many interesting details, especially with regard to its University. Those who desire full information on the subject should consult Savigny's "History of Roman Law in the Middle Ages," or Denifle's "Universitäten des Mittelalters" (Berlin, 1885); while they will find that the modern constitution and *curricula* of all the Italian Universities are made matter of direct legislation in the Italian Codes of Public Instruction. At the same time, no one who writes about Bologna, however sketchily, can refrain from alluding to a few of the most outstanding facts connected with its famous University. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Theodosius II. in the fifth century, and Bologna was famed as a seat of learning long before any definite corporation is spoken of. The historical date of the University's foundation has now been fixed as 1088, because it

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was about that period that the famous Irnerius (*lucerna juris*), a teacher of philosophy and letters at Bologna, began to teach Roman Law also, a subject which soon attracted multitudes of students. The existence of the institution is at all events expressly recognised by the Constitution of Roncaglia (situated between Cremona and Piacenza), which was issued by Emperor Frederick I. in 1158. From about the year 1100 to the year 1260 thousands of students, including many English and Scottish, flocked to sit at the feet of the Glossarists and other great expounders of Roman Law. The Admirable Crichton is said to have astounded the Bolognese by his learning ; and several Englishmen and at least one Scotsman (Peter Bissat, about 1700) have been enrolled among the Professors. The University has also gained a pre-eminent, or rather a unique, reputation among

Universities for its learned lady-members. It seems historically certain that several of these were formally recognised as University lecturers, and actually taught with great success (*Novella d'Andrea* in the fourteenth century, and *Laura Bassi*, *Clotilda Tambroni*, and others in the eighteenth and nineteenth); and a lady-lecturer on Slavonic languages has been appointed by the Crown within the last year; but, lest I should vex any righteous soul thereby, I refrain from attempting to show that any of them actually attained to the exalted dignity of the professoriate. Further associations connected with Bologna keep crowding into one's mind—its school of painting with the two *Francia* and the three *Carracci*; its learned men, including Irnerius, Gratian, and Accursius, the jurists, of whom the former is usually regarded as the founder of the Univer-

sity; Mondini, the father of anatomy; Crescenzi, the agriculturist; Galvani, the discoverer of galvanism; Cardinal Mezzofanti, the linguistic prodigy; and in our own day, Carducci and Panzacchi, poets and authors; Brizio, the archæologist; Capellini, the palæontologist; Ceneri, the jurist; Saffi, the patriot, and many others. But I have said enough to show with what delight I have looked forward to revisiting, especially on such an occasion, a place which charmed me eleven years ago.

Now, exactly at this point, the thread of my slight narrative, written under difficulties on the journey across the magnificent St Gothard Pass, which looked its best with its deliciously fresh greenery and the glistening patches of still unmelted winter snow lingering on the mountain-sides, was interrupted by a prosaic event—our arrival at Milan: I

mean the arrival of a bevy of University delegates, including Principal Donaldson, of St Andrews, and Mr A. H. B. Constable, representing the Edinburgh students. Most of us having travelled two or three days at a stretch, there was a general *sauve qui peut* to our respective hotels, to seek the much-needed bath and dinner; and the latter being announced, a few minutes after our arrival, as ready to be served in a cool garden-verandah, shaded by acacias, and fragrant with oleanders, magnolias, and myrtles, my compatriots and I responded with alacrity to the summons.

The inner man thus vastly fortified, and the outer refreshed with a stroll to the sumptuous Duomo, I have now returned to my letter-writing; and as I fear that my readers may think that all this has nothing to do with the Octocentenary Festival, I shall now endeavour

to come to the point in earnest. The fact is, however, that until a few hours ago I was in entire ignorance as to the nature of the programme, as no official document appears yet to have been issued, while the programme announced by the Italian newspapers a month ago, promising us a *pranzo municipale*, a *pranzo del governo*, and a *pranzo reale*, seems to have been neither accurate nor complete. *En route* from Bâle to Milan I made the acquaintance of two distinguished German delegates—Dr Haupt, Professor of Theology, and Rector of the University of Greifswald; Professor von Bar, of Göttingen, the international jurist; and also that of three representatives of the students of Berlin. These last were most genial, jovial fellows, who forthwith invited Mr Constable and the Rector and me to a German students' evening at Bologna, an invitation which

we all at once accepted, expressing our firm resolve *Alles mitzumachen!* None of these delegates had been able to obtain any official programme, but the Rector had fortunately succeeded in getting two recent Bologna newspapers, which he kindly lent me, and from which I may now make a few extracts:—

“*Saturday, 9th June.*—Arrival of students’ representatives; reception of the cask of wine from Turin and the ox from Padua (these being gifts from the students of these Universities to those of Bologna).

“*Sunday, 10th June (O tempora, O mores!).*—At 10 A.M., rifle-shooting. At 1 P.M., solemn reception of the students’ representatives at the University by the Students’ Committee. At 5 P.M., trotting-matches. At 6, soirée in the Teatro Comunale in honour of the students.

“*Monday, 11th June.*—At 9 A.M., presentation of delegates to the Sindaco (or Mayor). At 1 P.M., inauguration of the monument to Victor Emmanuel, in presence of the King and Queen. At 4, concert in the Exhibition concert-room. At 5, trotting-matches. At 8.30, artistic torchlight-procession *alla veneziana*. At 9.30, fantastic illumination in the

Exhibition gardens. (But what has become of the *pranzo municipale*? Probably fireworks have been deemed more suited to the season.)

"*Tuesday, 12th June.*—From 9 to 12 A.M., procession 'in great pomp' of Italian and foreign Professors from the University to the Archiginnasio. The students follow in costume. Solemn celebration of the Octocentenary of the University in the Great Court of the Archiginnasio (calculated to hold 3000 persons) in presence of the King and Queen. Address by Giosuè Carducci (professor and poet). From 12 to 6, visits to the sights of the city and the Exhibition. At 6, banquet of the professors, given by the Government; also, banquet of the students at Casalecchio. At 9, soirée in the Municipal Buildings in honour of the professors.

"*Wednesday, 13th June.*—At 9 A.M., honorary degrees to be conferred on the most illustrious scholars. Address by Professor Ceneri. At 4 P.M., distribution of presents from the ladies of Bologna to the students in the Exhibition Concert Hall. At 7.30, humorous festival of students at the Montagnola. Procession of students in costume on mule-back from the Porta S. Stefano to the Montagnola, which is to be gorgeously illuminated. Then a tournament, joust, and fantastic ball; ancient choruses, supreme artistic confusion, mandoline serenades, marionettes, &c.

"*Thursday, 14th June.*—Cereemonial in commemoration of Luigi Galvani. Address by Professor



Albertoni. Distribution of commemoration-medals in the Anatomical Theatre of the Archiginnasio. At 8 P.M., *cortège* of students to place a bronze crown on the monument of Galvani."

The above extracts are from the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia* of 3rd inst., and the number of 30th May professes to give an "exact list" of all the delegates. The list is very long and interesting, but not always quite accurate. The Scottish delegates are placed under the head of "England," while "Ireland" forms a separate heading (*absit omen*!). "Muir, W.," and "Oakeley, H.," two of the Edinburgh delegates, are divested of their usual prefixes and affixes; two of the Oxford delegates are designated as "members of the Christian Church" (*i.e.*, Christ Church!); and "Russell Lowell, of Cambridge, America," is doubtless the delegate of Harvard. Great heat is prognosticated, but hitherto the temperature has been moderate. When we left

Edinburgh, where June had set in with severity, the thermometer in the shade (and, indeed, there was nothing else) was between  $45^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$  Fahr.; when we reached Milan it was about  $82^{\circ}$ .; now (night) it is only  $75^{\circ}$ . For the sake of the northern delegates, and for the benefit of the students' ox and cask of wine, let us hope that this comparative coolness will continue, and that nothing will occur to mar a festival which is attracting such world-wide interest.

## II.

### EVE OF THE FESTIVAL.

BOLOGNA ; *Sunday, 10th June.*

THE religious exercises of the day are over ; it is now nearly Monday, and, moreover, pleasantly cool ; it is, therefore, I trust, permissible to take a Sabbath-day's journey in the way of writing a few lines to friends at home. The train arriving here at five o'clock yesterday not only brought some couple of hundred delegates, but the cask of wine presented by the students of Turin, the ox given by those of Padua, and a huge cheese from the students of Pavia. To all of these a most hearty and picturesque ovation was accorded by many hundreds of Italian students wearing caps of every hue (red,

medicine ; green, mathematical sciences, and so on), of whom some twenty-five or thirty were mounted as a guard of honour on horseback, formidably armed, not with swords, like the German students, but with *fans*, which they plied with much gracefulness and dexterity. A long procession was then formed for the purpose of escorting the cask of wine, the ox, and the cheese to the University. The cask, most artistically executed, and containing more than 200 gallons of excellent red Piedmontese wine, was bestridden by a student got up as Bacchus, and accompanied by another dressed most repulsively, but cleverly withal, as a Bacchante, and a third attired as a Satyr. The concluding words of the inscription run thus : —“ *Semper bibe vinum. Bibitores exultemus, vinum bonum quod habemus. Adaquantes condemnemus ad æternam tristitiam !*” The ox *is* (because, poor

beast, he lives till to-morrow) a beautiful white, sleek, plump four-year-old, with a perfectly straight back, magnificent gilded horns, and an eye as soft and languishing as the mild Hindoo's (and I could not help wishing, for his sake, as I patted him, that we were all mild Hindoos). His dignified gait, gorgeous red trappings, and perfect docility, gained him much admiration; while the Parmesan cheese from Pavia, accompanied by a student representing Ceres, was greeted with shouts of mingled gratitude and mirth. A rhyming Latin inscription on the cheese enjoined the Bolognese students to partake of it along with the flesh of the ox and the contents of the cask, and stated that it came "de Ticino," and was "ab omnibus laudatum." On our arrival at the Albergo Brun we found the house literally crammed with delegates from all parts of the world, some of them speaking

half-a-dozen languages, others speaking none but their own. It now turned out that the University authorities were somewhat behind-hand with all their arrangements. It was intended that all the delegates should be hospitably entertained by the foremost citizens of Bologna, but in a few cases only had invitations actually reached the delegates. Principal Donaldson had been assigned to a distinguished widowed Marchesa, who lives in a grand old *palazzo*, whither he and Professor Knight have betaken themselves ; while Principal Sir William Muir, with Lady and Miss Muir, were to have been entertained by a wealthy and aristocratic count and countess, but were unable to avail themselves of the too late invitation. Owing to this want of system, and also to the fact that the delegates had hitherto been left in ignorance of the arrangements, several of them are said to

have actually left Bologna last night "on the high horse." Most of us, however, wisely abstained from such equestrian exercise, and soon found everybody most kind and obliging, and anxious to make reparation for past shortcomings.

To-day (Sunday) the great event has been the Students' Reception in the fine old court of the *Regia Università* (formerly Palazzo Cellesi). A long and interesting speech was delivered by Signor Pietri, chairman of the Students' Committee, and arch-organizer of the proceedings. Several other speeches were also delivered by selected Italian and German students, one of the most admirable being that of a German student from Leipsic, who spoke in excellent Italian. The keynote struck by most of the speakers was that Bologna is the *alma mater* of all Universities, that she has been the foremost of Universities in Roman Law, in medical

and veterinary science, and, above all, in constitutional law and in the freedom of her institutions. The German students were gorgeously attired in mediæval costume, doublets, sashes, top-boots, swords, and plumed bonnets, while their applause consisted in drawing and clashing their swords, amid cries of *viva l'Italia, viva la Germania, la Grecia, &c.!* I should add that a small contingent of French students, who arrived at 5 this afternoon, were very cordially received. At 3.15 P.M. the Teatro Brunetti, holding some 1500 persons, was filled to overflowing to hear an address by Professor Panzacchi, Bolognese poet and author, whose short and eloquent speech, in rich, sonorous, musical Italian, was exceedingly interesting. He, together with his brother poet, Professor Carducci, welcomed the foreign students to Bologna. He dwelt chiefly on the merits



of Bologna as a cradle of literature, of law, and of *l'indipendenza Italiana*; and when he spoke of her glorious struggle *contro il Vaticano*, there was a perfect hurricane of applause. Had time permitted, I could have added many picturesque touches. Thus, enthusiastic students were frequently seen embracing and kissing each other in the public streets; and, in particular, a sturdy, hirsute Greek student, on emerging from the Teatro Brunetti, where he had shown himself *molto simpatico*, and thoroughly in touch with the sentiments of the audience, was followed into his carriage and thus lovingly assailed by scores of his Italian compeers. I reserve some further details for to-morrow. Meanwhile, I need only add that all is beginning most auspiciously; only (as an American delegate observed) seeing that they have had 800 years to prepare, "their arrangements might surely have been a little forrarder!"

### III.

#### FIRST DAY.

BOLOGNA ; *Monday, 11th June.*

AFTER my rigorously short letter of "necessity and mercy" of yesterday, despatched at midnight, I sit down a few minutes later, and take Monday by the forelock with a view to gather up some of the lost chords of the last few days. At the Students' Reception of yesterday, to which Count Aurelio Saffi (famous as one of the founders of Italian independence) kindly invited us to go, Sir William Muir, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, in his robes and with his Star of India, and Mr Constable, of Edinburgh, robed in the handsome and becoming new mauve gown of the Students' Representative

Council, were also present. The latter duly presented his address, but was not called on to speak, as the number of orators was necessarily very limited. Both he and the Principal, their official capacity being rapidly whispered through the dense crowd, received quite an ovation. Perfect order and propriety prevailed, coupled, however, with intense enthusiasm. The number of students must have nearly reached a thousand, and each was decorated or costumed or capped in distinctive fashion—the Germans being *facile principes* in picturesqueness. Rarely, if ever, in the world's annals has so interesting an assemblage met together, and certainly none with nobler purpose. Faces of every complexion, with features Italian, Greek, French, Saxon, and Slavonic, in many cases strikingly handsome, beamed with delight as each successive speaker

dwelt on the renaissance of learning inaugurated by the Studio Bolognese, and her message of liberty, peace, and goodwill to the student-brotherhood throughout the whole world.

As yet, sad to say, I have been unable to discover a single students' representative from Great Britain, except our own from Edinburgh. The explanation given is that the Students' Arrangements Committee in some cases forgot their northern brethren, and that in other cases invitations actually sent had miscarried. Perhaps most interesting and well-informed among the students were eighteen from the University of Athens, as representing the whole of Greece. I had the great pleasure of travelling with one of them on Saturday from Milan to Bologna, a Cretan, as perfect a young Greek, and with as handsome features, as if fresh from the chisel of Phidias. His large, sleepy eyes lighted

up wonderfully while he enlarged with equal fluency in French and Italian on the aspirations of his island compatriots. They do not "groan" under the yoke of Turkey; for they enjoy complete autonomy; and they have a Christian Governor, appointed by the Sultan for five years, whom, if unpopular, they can dismiss from office by a vote of their Chamber. But there is one thing more that they, in common with the Cypriotes, long for, and that is union with Greece, their beloved fatherland. He spoke with the utmost enthusiasm of Mr Gladstone, and hoped to assist at the approaching inauguration of the statue of that statesman at Athens. When I afterwards made acquaintance with Professor Krassas of Athens (Roman Law), his interesting conversation was of very similar tenor. The University of the genuine Athens, unlike that of the "modern," is said to be

*molto ricca*, and has granted the students 10,000 fr. (£400) to defray their expenses. The interesting address from Athens, in pure classical Greek, of which the Professor presented me with several copies, will not be among the least valuable of my trophies of the Octocentenary.

In order to complete the history of yesterday (Sunday), I should add that I was very cordially invited by the students to a *serata* (i.e., a *soirée* or "evening"), given in honour of the foreign students in the spacious and handsome Teatro Comunale. Not having obtained a fuller programme, I was unaware of the nature of this Sunday evening entertainment until I found myself in the *platea* or pit, and ascertained (*horribile dictu*!) that the *serata* consisted in the performance of Wagner's "Tristano e Isotta" (as the Italians call it), admirably mounted, and with a splendid orchestra of eighty or

ninety performers, under the baton of Giuseppe Martucci of Naples, one of the very foremost conductors in Italy. I left early; but I afterwards heard that this slowest of Wagner's operas lasted till nearly 1 A.M.! The first great event of to-day is the arrival of the King and Queen from Rome, which is expected about 7 or 8 A.M., and which excites intense interest. Both yesterday and the day before the streets were thronged by thousands. To-day, early though the event, tens of thousands will assemble to witness it. And here one word about the habits of these worthy Italians, whose acquaintance I have never before made at this season of the year. During my long present residence in Italy of three days, I have observed that all the noises of a busy street invariably go on till about 2 A.M., from 2 to 3 they gradually subside, from 3 to 5 they

almost cease, and from 5 onwards they are again in full swing. This has its advantages. At 2.30 on Sunday morning I received an admirable lesson in Italian, gratis, from two Italians discoursing municipal politics in the loudest and clearest, and I must say *coolest*, of possible tones, exactly under fifty open windows of our *albergo* ! So, too, just about the same hour this morning, I had reason to be equally grateful for a similar educational benefit from a Frenchman in the *in vino veritas* stage. The fact is, that there is a *café* nearly opposite, and another in a side-street close by, both of which seem to be open almost all night in blissful safety from any early-closing movement. The latter, a favourite rendezvous of a hopelessly discordant barrel-organ, is most appropriately situated immediately under the windows of our accomplished Professor of Music.



Craving pardon for this digression, I return to the King and Queen. Their approaching advent seems equally welcome to masses and classes, although the Bolognese, and even several of the University professors and lecturers, are known to be strongly tinged with republicanism. The Queen gives a grand reception this evening, but it is not yet known whether all or any of the delegates are to be invited. In any case, it will be the grand event of the day, and is causing much flutter among the ladies. And this brings me round, I fear by rather devious paths, to what appears to me to be the keynote of this deeply interesting festival: it is not merely a University gathering, or merely a celebration in which town and gown are heartily in sympathy (as they are, and almost invariably have been): it is a truly national festival, presided over by the beloved

King and Queen, by their Ministers, and by the nation itself. The University they proudly revere as the foundress of all Universities, and as a nursing mother of the great Italian Renaissance; the city they love as one of the most famous cradles of Italian independence, and one of the stoutest bulwarks *contro il Vaticano*; and their present visitors, teachers and taught, they regard with pardonable pride and tenderness as to a great extent their own intellectual offspring. Hence the enthusiasm of the Italians; hence also the love and veneration unanimously manifested by the delegates and their respective constituents for the head of their family, their common *Alma Mater Studiorum*.

Since the above was written, the King and Queen, the Prince of Naples, and Signor Boselli, Minister of Public Instruction, arrived at 9 A.M., and were

received by the Sindaco or Mayor, Signor Commendatore Tacconi, a remarkably handsome, elderly man of military bearing, full of life and vigour. The Royal party was welcomed with subdued, but evidently genuine enthusiasm, and proceeded direct to their apartments in the grand old Municipio, followed by an almost interminable procession of soldiers, officials, students, and citizens, bearing all manner of distinctive banners, while the gaily decorated streets were lined with tens of thousands of orderly spectators. At ten o'clock the Sindaco received the University and other delegates in the beautifully arranged and extensive University Library in the Archiginnasio, where a programme of the arrangements was read for their information by the amiable and accomplished Rector, Professor Capellini; and within an hour

the proceedings terminated pleasantly with ices and other slight refectations. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, a grand concert was given at the Exhibition by the Bologna Orchestra, conducted by the Maestro Martucci of Naples. At five o'clock the crowning event was the inauguration of the Monument of Victor Emmanuel, a description of which I must reserve for to-morrow; at eight o'clock the delegates met to arrange for the appointment of one spokesman for each nation (when, a separate *locus standi* being denied to Scotland and Ireland, Professor Jebb, of Cambridge and Glasgow, was appointed for Great Britain); and at ten o'clock the King and Queen held a reception at the Municipio, at which Sir William Muir and Sir Herbert Oakeley, among others, had the honour of being specially presented. Foremost among the men of highest eminence present was

Mr Russell Lowell, from whom I was delighted to hear that he is to act as spokesman for the United States of North America at the chief function to-morrow.

#### IV.

#### SECOND DAY.

BOLOGNA ; *Tuesday, 12th June.*

BEFORE describing the impressive scenes of to-day, I extract from the official list a few of the names of the 377 delegates sent by Universities and other bodies :—

Buda-Pesth, Professor Szabò, LL.D. Edin. ; Vienna, Professor Vogl, Rector, and Professor Maassen ; Brussels, Professor Rivier, LL.D. Edin. ; Ghent, Professor Frédéricq ; Royal Academy of Brussels, Abbé Rénard, LL.D. Edin. ; Paris, Professor Bufnoir ; Collège de France, Professor G. Boissier ; Berlin, Professors Hinschius and Hofmann ; Bonn, Professor v. Schulte ; Breslau, Baron v.

Stengel; Göttingen, Professor v. Bar (and Professor v. Ihering, who was unable to come); Greifswald, Rev. Professor Haupt, Rector; Halle, Professor Fitting; Munich, Baron Holtzendorff, LL.D.; Tübingen, Professor Liebermeister; Athens, Professor Krassas; Aberdeen, Professor Harrower; Cambridge, Professors Jebb, Adams, Middleton, and Denman; Durham, Rev. H. Rashdall; Edinburgh, Principal Sir W. Muir, Professors Sir H. Oakeley and Kirkpatrick; Glasgow, Professors Jebb, Fergusson, Macleod, Ramsay, and Sir W. Thomson; London (also for Royal Society), Dr Pole; Victoria (Manchester), Professors Conway, Munro, and Owen; Oxford, Professors Symonds and Holland, also Messrs Stanhope Spencer and Vernon Warren ("of the Christian Church," — *anglice* Christ Church!); St Andrews, Principal Donaldson and Professor Knight; Dublin

(Trin. Coll.), Professors Cunningham and Haughton, LL.D. Edin. (also for the Royal Irish Academy); Ireland (Royal University), Professors Johnston and Moffat; Christiania, Professor Aubert; Upsala, Professor Nyblom; Geneva, Professor Schiff; Amsterdam, Professor Asser, LL.D. Edin.; Granada (Spain), Professor Rascon, Spanish Ambassador at Rome; New York, Professor Schaff; Harvard, Professor Russell Lowell, LL.D. Edin., &c. &c.; Virginia, Professor Winchester, U.S. Ambassador at Berne; Baltimore (Johns Hopkins), Professor Schuyler; Bombay, Professor and Vice-Chancellor Raymond West; Genoa, Professor Chevalier Boselli (Faculty of Law, Minister of Public Instruction) and Professor Chevalier Capellini, LL.D. Edin., Rector of Bologna; Pisa, Professor Chevalier Buonamici; Rome, Professor Chevalier Cremona, LL.D. Edin.;



Royal Society of Canada, Marquis of Lorne (unable to come).

To yesterday's too hurried narrative I must now add that the unveiling of the statue of Victor Emmanuel II. in the Piazza of that name was a magnificent success. The Piazza, one of the noblest in Italy, the mediæval forum of the city, is bounded on the west side by the grand old Municipio, on the south by the imposing church of St Petronio, and on the north by the venerable Palazzo del Podestà, where the poetically gifted King Enzo, son of the Emperor Frederick II., and founder of the Bentivogli family, was kept in captivity by the Bolognese from the year 1249 until his death in 1271. This spacious square was densely packed with at least twenty thousand spectators; while the scene within the precincts set apart for the ceremony was strikingly picturesque. On an elevated daïs were

the King and Queen, with the members of the Court, the Minister of Public Instruction (Boselli), and distinguished visitors. The falling of the veil revealed a remarkably successful equestrian statue in bronze by Monteverde, which was greeted with a hearty outburst of applause. The *pater patriae*, or *re liberatore*, as the Italians love to call him, is represented in the act of commanding his troops to storm San Martino (near Solferino), a famous and critical moment of his career, when the fate of Italy was trembling in the balance (June 1859). Their Majesties then descended into the arena and walked repeatedly round the statue in the midst of a dense crowd of students, representatives of the Guilds, and some six military bands, attended by standard-bearers with distinctive banners, very gorgeous among which were those of Berlin University and the most

honourable Guild of the Butchers of Bologna. As usual, amid thousands of gay uniforms and costumes, those of the German students were the most striking, their warlike equipment contrasting effectively with the rich velvet cloaks of the Spanish students and the plain evening dress of the ordinary citizens. Their Majesties displayed their usual kindness—shaking hands and exchanging cordial words with everybody, and undergoing the crowding and jostling with praiseworthy patience. At their grand evening reception, attended by most of the delegates, a number of the most distinguished foreigners had the honour of special presentation to both their Majesties, who were exceedingly pleasant and cordial. The King, I may here note, a man rather beyond middle life, somewhat resembles his late father in the bluntness of his features, heaviness

of moustache, and his frankness of expression, while the Queen is decidedly pretty, blonde (as compared with the Italians, *pur sang*, her mother having been German), with aquiline nose, fine eyes, and a good chin comfortably inclining to the double.

At 8 P.M., as already mentioned, most of the delegates had met to arrange as to presentation of the addresses and to appoint their spokesmen for the morrow, and were thus prevented from witnessing the very successful and picturesque torchlight procession, which began at 8.30, wended its way through the principal streets, accompanied by no fewer than eight bands, and terminated with a fantastic illumination *alla Veneziana* round the little lake in the gardens adjoining the Exhibition. The "torches," be it noted, consisted of long poles ending in branches bearing

brightly coloured padella lights or Chinese lanterns. The afternoon concert at the Exhibition, conducted by Signor Martucci, and graced by the presence of the Queen, must not be forgotten; and I have Sir Herbert Oakeley's authority for saying that it was a most admirable performance. In particular, the winds of the Bolognese orchestra of eighty or ninety performers executed the piano passages with exquisite delicacy. Travellers on the continent have often had occasion to observe the inferiority of Italian to German music; but the Italians have improved greatly of late years. Before passing to the events of to-day, I may mention that the vast Municipio, or Palazzo Pubblico, in which their Majesties are lodged, is one of the grand old historic buildings of Bologna, and now contains the post and telegraph offices, the exchange, and other public departments. It com-

prises spacious and handsome arcaded courts, a fine staircase by Bramante, and long suites of halls and apartments, and covers an area of about two acres.

After having despatched my usual midnight letter yesterday, and made some progress with its successor, I wished myself *felice notte*, and retired for the night. Scarcely, however, had I fallen asleep when I was loudly summoned by my friendly *café* over-the-way to listen to an instructive specimen of Italian oratory. A public meeting was evidently being held. Two speakers had addressed it for ten minutes each in high-pitched, impassioned, trumpet-tones, audible not only to the assembled multitude but to the whole hotel and a score of neighbouring houses, and a third speaker had begun in equally grand style, when I opened my shutters in order the more thoroughly to appreciate and enjoy the

proceedings. Imagine my surprise when I saw that the sole occupants of the street were four men seated at a table outside the *café*: doubtless members of a debating-society, rehearsing. I looked at my watch: 3.40 A.M.; and at five o'clock began the noise of the matutinal market-carts, accompanied by the crisp and cheery voices of the country-women, and the joyous laughter of children in early and eager quest of the freshest and rosiest cherries. Verily a *felice notte*!

According to the programmes, the most solemn function of the festival was to take place to-day between 9 and 12 A.M., but it occupied nearly double that time. As early as 7 A.M. anxious delegates, bursting with speeches in (to most of them) unfamiliar Latin or Italian, repaired to the University, the starting-point of the procession. Here, after prodigious delay and perfectly good-

natured confusion, a singularly picturesque procession was organised, consisting of the delegates, including students, many members of the University of Bologna, representatives of the Town Council and Guilds, and a number of officers and Government officials, all in full gala, with their distinctive banners and standards. The *cortège* was put in motion about 9.30. Winding through several of the arcaded, cloister-like streets, the delegates were lavishly besprinkled by the ladies of Bologna with flowers, and oak, laurel, acacia, and other leaves, which elicited enthusiastic cheers for the *belle signore Bolognesi*; while the various nationalities were warmly saluted with cries of—*viva la Germania! viva la Francia!* and perhaps most warmly of all, *viva l'Inghilterra!* and, be it not omitted, *viva Edimburgo!* The variety of costumes baffles description. British doctors in



staring red gowns and trencher hats looked stiff and angular beside the rich old-gold silk gowns of the French Academicians, with their artistic round velvet *berrette*, braided with gold. My friend the Rector of Greifswald in his gorgeous toga, richly embroidered with silk, gold, and silver, contrasted effectively with the American delegates in simple unadorned evening dress ; while the academic robes of Germany, Spain, and Italy, of black, blue, red, and green silk or velvet, were seen in strange contiguity to military uniforms bespangled with stars, medals, crosses, and orders innumerable. Not least conspicuous was Principal Sir W. Muir in diplomatic uniform, wearing his Principal's mauve gown, and decorated with the Star of India, the Brazilian Rose, and other orders. (Parenthetically I may note that the *Bologna Gazette* of yesterday describes him as the *venerando*

*Rettore di Edimburgo*, and states that he received an unusually warm reception at the students' meeting, thus confirming what I had written at the time.)

About 10.30 A.M. the procession entered the beautiful arcaded court of the Archiginnasio (Old University buildings), about 100 feet square, with an arcaded gallery corresponding to the arcades below. The court was covered in with a red and white awning, and the sides richly decorated with flags (including a University banner richly embroidered for the occasion by the ladies of Bologna) and lavishly festooned with flowers. On one side was a dais for the King, Queen, and Crown Prince, while the body of the court was filled with chairs for the delegates. The arcades and galleries were filled with ladies and other spectators, and on each side of the throne were the prodigiously bespangled officials and

officers already mentioned. The audience, numbering in all about 3000, having taken their seats, the King, Queen, young Prince of Naples, and Signor Boselli, the Minister of Instruction, entered amid hearty applause and took their places on the dais. The King was garbed in a general's uniform, and the Prince in similar military style, while the Queen looked very charming in a pinkish silk dress trimmed with lace and pale grey-blue silk, with a bonnet of the most delicate Leghorn, trimmed with the same ribbon as her dress. Buff-coloured gloves extending up to the elbows and a large painted fan completed her becoming equipment. Many of the delegates carried sprigs of holm-oak, acacia, or laurel, as mementoes of the shower of greenery with which the ladies of Bologna had honoured them, setting off many a dark, bronzed complexion with

bushy black hair and beard, fresh from the brush of Titian or Tintoretto.

And now, about 10.35, began the very arduous work of the day. First, a beautiful Ode, composed in honour of the occasion by Professor E. Panzacchi, and set to music by Baron A. Franchetti, was sung by an excellent choir, accompanied by orchestral music, the solo parts being taken by a *prima donna* with an irritating tremolo. The ode, which is too long to transcribe here, dwells on the mission of Felsina—*i.e.*, Bologna—to restore to Italy the ancient glory of Rome, and to fight against tyranny and superstition under her noble banner of liberty, justice, and truth. The Rector, Professor Capellini (now LL.D. of Edin.), next read a short address in Italian, intimating to their Majesties the object of the meeting. The Minister Boselli then addressed to the audience

a hearty welcome; in an admirable speech of historical character he recalled the glorious memories of Irnerius, Copernicus, Galileo, Malpighi, Galvani, and other men of letters and science, and of the famous lady-teachers, and wound up with a graceful allusion to the faithfulness of the House of Savoy to the cause of liberty and learning, which elicited enthusiastic applause, the whole audience springing to their feet and shouting their melodious *viva Italia! viva la casa Savoia!* About 11.10 Professor Giosuè Carducci, poet and author, then mounted a sumptuous velvet tribune to deliver the principal speech of the day, an admirable composition, but, with the thermometer at 86° Fahr., too long, and, in the opinion of the fastidious, not so distinctly articulated as it might have been. And yet, with characteristic Italian politeness and good-humour, King, Queen, and

audience looked kind and pleasant and attentive for a whole hour.

This brought us to 12.10, when the delivery of the congratulatory addresses began. This proved a somewhat tedious process, as there was necessarily a good deal of sameness of theme in each case ; but several good points elicited hearty applause, particularly that the King of Italy was now King of Rome also, and that while anciently light came from the East, its modern headquarters were to be sought for at Bologna. A good deal of subdued merriment was also occasioned by the prodigious pathos and emphasis with which one of the northern delegates read his address in Italian. Fortunately, one or two representatives only from each country were allowed to speak, the British Universities being represented by Professor Jebb, whose faultless Latinity was unhappily lost upon the audience owing to

his uncontinental pronunciation. Several of the delegates delivered their short addresses in excellent Italian, in particular Professor Hofmann, of Berlin, on behalf of Germany, and Professor W. Story, of the National Academy of Sciences of Washington (son of the famous Judge Story), on behalf of the United States, instead of Mr Russell Lowell, as at first arranged. The chief French and Swiss delegates spoke French, and the Greek delegate ancient Greek, with the melodious modern pronunciation. Perhaps best of all was the eloquent concluding speech of Professor Gandino, of Bologna, in Latin, thanking the delegates for the honour done to his University, and distinctly articulated with the rich, round, and musical Italian pronunciation, which rendered it intelligible to almost every one present. It was now 1.30. The March of the House of Savoy was

struck up, and in ten minutes more the audience began to disperse. The general verdict is that this *seduta* or meeting was a triumphant success, barring its almost insufferable length on a hot summer day. Nothing could well exceed the brilliance and picturesqueness of the scene. The one jarring note in the view of persons of a severely academic turn of mind was, that the presence of Royalty tended to give the function an adventitious brilliance and a semi-political tone, inconsistent with a gathering of "Republicans of letters." Be it added that almost every one of the speakers carefully read his speech, thus detracting greatly from its effect; but extempore speaking in the presence of royalty is said to be contrary to etiquette.

Passing over the events of the afternoon (concert, trotting-matches, &c.) I have only time to say a word about the



banquet given by the Prefect of the Province to the delegates. Place, the large square hall of the Borsa ; time, 6 P.M. ; in the chair, the Prefect, supported by the Minister Boselli, the German ambassador, the handsome and military-looking Sindaco, the Rector, and some of the Bologna Professors. The tables were arranged in a single line round the hall, instead of being grouped together, so as to bring the diners within eye and ear of the chair. The consequence was that not more than fifty out of about 350 guests heard the few toasts and speeches, while good-humoured confusion prevailed everywhere. The dinner (purveyed by Doney, of Florence) was good, but the humble *vino nostrale* or *vin ordinaire* of Bologna was vastly better than the indifferent St Julien and the over-sweet champagne. Not the least pleasant feature of the proceedings was the genial

and graceful farewell greeting bestowed on Principal Sir William Muir and myself by the worthy Sindaco. A more purely academic symposium would have been far preferable; best thanks nevertheless to the Italian Government and to the Prefect of the Province for their hospitable and kindly entertainment!

## SECOND DAY—*Continued.*

*(By the Students' Delegate from the University of Edinburgh).*

FROM the students' point of view, however, the most interesting event of the day was the banquet, at which were to be discussed, *inter alia*, the ox and other gifts so kindly contributed by the other Italian Universities. The banquet was held in the open air at Casalecchio, a village some three or four miles distant from the city, to which the students and delegates to the number of nearly 1000 were conveyed by rail. The railway, or rather tramway, which is worked by diminutive engines and cars, runs at first through the streets, and then alongside of the public road the whole way to the

village. How accidents are avoided it is difficult to understand, as the trains run at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and during the first part of the journey generally through crowds of children, and within a yard or two of the doors of dwelling-houses. The three trains conveying the students having arrived at their destination, a procession was formed, and, with a couple of brass bands at its head, marched to the banqueting-place. This had been most extensively got up for the occasion. At the entrance was a triumphal arch decorated with flags and evergreens, while within, for the accommodation of the visitors, three tables, each about 50 yards in length, were ranged along a level but somewhat dusty green, with a semicircular table at the other end for the President of the Bolognese students and one representative from each foreign University. On

one side of the green a terrace, on which summer-houses of various forms, decked with evergreens and Chinese lanterns, had been gracefully arranged, sloped away upward, while on the other side, on a low terrace, were the tents in which cooking operations had been going on; the whole space being enclosed by a barricade to keep out the country-people, who were crowding round in hundreds. A prominent feature in the decorations was the large and handsomely painted cask which had been received from the students of Turin, and which, after having the wine drawn from it, had been mounted on a stand, surrounded by evergreens, at the back of the President's chair. The tables were tastefully decorated with flowers and with large refreshing-looking blossoms in the shape of half-gallon jars of the red wine from Turin.

The first three courses were got through

regularly enough, when, alas for the Italian temperament, two telegrams arrived, one from the Emperor of Germany and the other from the President of the French Republic, wishing prosperity to the students and to the University. The President seized the opportunity to indulge in an inflammatory harangue. Chairs were deserted, glasses were seized, and each man hurried round to pledge the healths of those he did know because he knew them, and of those he didn't know because he wished to know them. One other course was got through with difficulty, and then, before the *menu* was half through, dinner was practically over, excitement completely getting the better of appetite. By this time it had suddenly grown dark, and the Chinese lanterns were lighted all round, while a couple of electric lights, with powerful reflectors, were placed one on each side of the cask behind

the President's chair, and cast a brilliant flashing glare down the long white tables, throwing the spaces behind the summer-houses into a dark shadow, and lighting up with admirable effect the green, blue, white, and scarlet caps of the students and the beflagged arch at the entrance to the green. The students started up, and, grasping each other round the neck, indulged in a wild sort of fetish dance round the open spaces at each end of the green, while the foreign delegates were one after another hoisted shoulder-high, and, amid deafening shouts and frantic handshakings and embracings, hurried round the arena. Flags and Chinese lanterns were torn down and borne aloft by the shouting groups as they surged up and down between the tables or gyrated round in the open spaces. The very waiters were clasped ecstatically round the neck and kissed on both cheeks. And all

this with the most perfect good-nature and sobriety : all due to pure, perfervid, uncontrollable excitement. The scene from one of the summer-houses on the terrace was one of the most striking that could well be imagined. The gleaming white tables, the crowd with its coloured caps, banners, and lanterns, surging and swaying round, some raised shoulder-high, others clasping each other and dancing about in an ecstasy of affection, the continuous confused hoarse roar of "Viva Italia," and the other watchwords of the huzzaing multitude, the banging of the brass bands, the fitful gleams of the electric light, as, guided by an unseen hand, it darted a sudden glare now in this direction now in that—all rounded in by the soft darkness of an Italian summer night, made up a medley of sights and sounds which no eye-witness can ever forget. Even Italian spirits, however,



cannot last for ever, and by half-past ten the crowd began to file out, and, after a quick run by train, we safely reached Bologna once more.

A couple of Cambridge students have since arrived, so that the English student element is no longer unrepresented. It is astonishing how few students can speak English in spite of the number gathered together here at present, though almost all know French; and it is still more astonishing how they all find lodging. Most of those from other Italian Universities, to the number of 250, are huddled together in an old monastery. They seem all extremely happy together, but some plaintively say the "row" is awful, and the sleep to be obtained, what between those who come in late and those who rise early, practically nil.

A. H. B. C.

## V.

### THIRD DAY.

BOLOGNA ; *Wednesday, 13th June.*

BRILLIANT and successful as were yesterday's proceedings, they were slightly marred by the drawbacks already touched upon, and particularly their undue length ; while the banquet given by the Prefect to the delegates proved uninteresting. Strongly in contrast with the latter, the students' banquet in the open air at Casalecchio, four miles from the town, was a magnificent success. Nearly a thousand were present, and there was probably never before witnessed such an enthusiastic union of young hearts of all nations, gushing with liberty, fraternity, and equality even before the flowing bowl

had been quaffed. The delegates were kindly invited to see "Tristano e Isotta" in the Teatro Comunale at 9 P.M.; but having (accidentally!) heard part of the piece two days previously, I preferred returning to my hotel. So fatiguing had the morning proved, that almost everybody had to indulge in an afternoon siesta; and this morning a German professor confided to me that after having lunched at two, he lay down for a nap, intending to go to the banquet at six, but did not wake till 11 P.M.!

The great event of to-day was the conferring of honorary degrees in presence of the King and Queen in the Court of the Archiginnasio, the scene of yesterday's function. The list of names was published last week in the newspapers, but hardly any one had seen it. Observing on Monday that Mr Russell Lowell, one of the most highly distinguished of all the

foreign delegates, was not in the list of honorary graduates, I ventured to point this out to Count Saffi, on whose kind intervention at headquarters this grave omission was supplied. No final list has yet been published, or even printed; and I was told by the secretary that the President of each Faculty had one written copy only. Hence my present inability to give more than a few of the most noteworthy names. The ceremony was announced for 9 A.M., long before which the galleries and side-seats were crammed. At 10.20 the King, Queen, Prince, and Minister of Education made their appearance, greeted with the strains of the March of the House of Savoy. The Queen, in pale blue silk, and bonnet with yellow ribbons, looked charming. Professor Panzacchi's ode was again performed, after which the business of the day began. The Presidents of the Faculties of

Letters, Science, Law, and Medicine then proceeded to introduce the graduands, each president making one short Latin speech of a general character. Many of the 122 names were inaudible, and their pronunciation queer; but I believe I am right in saying that in the (1) Faculty of Letters and Philosophy the most interesting were those of Kuno Fischer, Jebb, Russell Lowell, Sir William Muir, Max Müller, Nyblom (of Upsala), Renan, and Herbert Spencer; (2) Faculty of Science—Adams, Agassiz, Airy, Cayley, Chevreul, Helmholtz, \*Hofmann (spokesman of the German delegates), Hooker, Huxley, Lesseps, Owen, Szabò, Sir W. Thomson, and Virchow; (3) Faculty of Law—Asser, v. Bar, Leroi-Beaulieu, Dudley Field, \*Gladstone, Gneist, Goldschmidt, Hinschius, Holland, \*v. Holtzendorff, Ihering, Lorimer, \*Mommsen, Rivier, and v. Schulte; (4) Faculty of

Medicine — Charcot, Donders, v. Kölliker, Koch, Liebermeister, Lister, Weir Mitchell, Pasteur, v. Pettenkofer, Schiff, and Sir Spencer Wells. Most of these received their meed of applause, but I have indicated special enthusiasm by asterisks. A good many of the degrees were of course conferred in absence. The graduands who received them in person were presented to the President of the Faculty, who passed the ring of investiture over the fore-finger of each in turn. To each diploma was attached with ribbon a beautiful impression of the University seal in a handsome silver-plated capsule.

The proceedings terminated with an admirable address in Italian by Professor Ceneri (Roman Law), who had been entrusted with this task as representing the faculty for which Bologna has so long been chiefly famous. He began by read-

ing a telegram from the illustrious ex-Professor Mancini (jurist, minister, and man of letters), who regretted his inability to attend this great "festa cosmopolita," and specially saluted the students attending it. Professor Ceneri then dwelt with great impressiveness on the new era of science, penetrating darkness, under the auspices of law, justice, and peace, as contrasted with the old and "insane pretensions of despotism and theocracy." (A storm of applause, even their Majesties springing to their feet.) This was certainly one of the most effective of the many good speeches and addresses I have heard during the last three days. The proceedings terminated about 11.45, after which luncheon, and *vino nostrale* (wine of the country, very good at 80 *centesimi* per bottle!), and *granite* and *sorbetti* were the order of the day.

One of the great events of to-day, at

which I was unfortunately unable to assist, was an address by Signor Giovanni Bovio, a very distinguished democratic member of parliament, in the Teatro Brunetti at 2 P.M. The crowded meeting was presided over by the venerable Count Saffi, whose introductory address, as I am told, was received with enthusiasm. With his noble pleadings in the cause of freedom, justice, and truth, and with much of the eloquent, though rather high-flown speech of Signor Bovio, most people would probably agree: "down with the Vatican" being one of the chief keynotes. But, says Signor Bovio, "religious belief is dead: have faith in science!"

At four o'clock the raffle of gifts from the young ladies of Bologna to the student-delegates took place in the concert-hall of the Exhibition; but as I could not go, and am unable to describe the proceedings, perhaps I may be permitted



to indulge in an academic anecdote. A distinguished English delegate, and good Italian scholar, told me that, desiring on his arrival to call on the Rector, Professor Capellini, he took a cab for the purpose. The driver, not quite understanding, drove him to a place which—the shutters being closed against the heat—looked like a shop. My friend asked if Signor Capellini was within. “No,” was the answer, “but he comes sometimes.” “When?” was the next question. “When he wants a new hat,” was the answer! It turned out that the driver had carried his fare to a hatter’s shop (*cappellajo*). Another anecdote relates to a distinguished composer, also a University delegate, who sent an original composition in honour of the occasion, with a view to its being performed at some of the great functions. The authorities, misunderstanding or disregarding the letter accompanying the composition,

sent it to the Musical Department of the Exhibition, where the worthy composer found it exhibited in a glass case among ancient curiosities. The great sight of this evening will be the "Students' Humoristic and Fantastic Procession, Ball, Tournament," &c., and I must now sally forth in quest of a ticket, and also endeavour to obtain a copy of the lists of the *nuovi laureati*.

In the latter attempt I have failed, even the editor of the leading newspaper, to whom I also applied, assuring me courteously that he had not yet been able to obtain these lists. I have, however, picked up several scraps of information. Sad to say, it is declared that the Italian newspapers were unable to report the address of the British spokesman yesterday (delivered in excellent, but un-Italian Latin)—"because he spoke English." On the other hand, I have learned

with great satisfaction that the author of a recent rude telegram to a leading English paper, which has excited much indignation here, is a native of neither Great Britain nor Ireland. Who, with an atom of heart, can be angry with these dear, genial, graceful, sunshiny Italians? I may also mention that among the ancient institutions of Bologna is the famous Liceo Filarmonico, for which Mozart once wrote his exercise in counterpoint, where our Edinburgh delegate, Sir Herbert Oakeley, introduced by Count Saffi, was very cordially received yesterday.

On my return from the Students' Fantastic Entertainment, I have only further to state that it was a most gorgeous affair. A huge canopy, lighted up by thousands of Chinese lanterns, covered a theatre and other places of entertainment, where an enormous crowd of many thousand spec-

tators was surging. Foremost among the attractions was a dramatic performance, in which the Prince of Darkness with a troop of demons, the angelic Spirit of Civilisation, and Prince Felsina were the chief characters, and towards the end of which Galvani was represented in the act of practising his occult science on a monstrous frog (a son of Count Saffi). This entertainment is taking place on the Montagnola ("little mountain"), now a beautiful public park, with a hill in the middle, which has stirring revolutionary memories connected with it, and it will doubtless go on till a very late hour.

Although my hasty narrative is sadly disjointed, it will at least serve to convey to friends in *la cara vecchia Scozia* some slight idea of the main features of this, in all essentials, deeply interesting and delightful festival.

### THIRD DAY—*Continued.*

*(By the Students' Delegate from the University  
of Edinburgh.)*

I SHALL now describe what was really the most important event of the day—namely, the festival held in the evening in the Montagnola, a large, open, circular space, surrounded by trees, on the north side of the town. In the first place, to get up the requisite excitement, a procession of some sixty students, astride of donkeys, paraded the streets to the Montagnola, attired in costumes of a gorgeously fantastic character. On our arrival there, a most brilliant scene presented itself. From a pole in the centre of the open space a network of ropes had been stretched to the trees, and from these and from the trees themselves depended

thousands of padella lights of every form and colour, forming a perfect starry canopy, under which a dense crowd of 7000 or 8000 people—all admitted by ticket—soon gathered to witness the students' performance. This, which took place on a stage erected for the purpose, was termed in the programme a humoristico-historical celebration, and was intended to symbolize the history and development of Bologna and its University. In the first scene, Bologna or Felsina—the name of its mythical Etruscan founder in the dim and distant ages of antiquity—scarce yet free from barbarism, is represented as a Prince of noble demeanour, with the Prince of Darkness and his attendant sprites dancing round him, as he reclines, amid lurid gleams of flashing crimson light. Suddenly, however, a brilliant electric flash shoots across the stage, and Civilisation—an erect, square-

shouldered female, gorgeously attired in white and silver—appears and puts the Prince of Darkness and his demons to headlong, ignominious flight. Civilisation and Felsina then join hand in hand, and a ballet of students, dressed as attendant genii, come in and dance a stately measure in honour of the future glory of Bologna. And so the theme is carried on throughout the rise and progress of the University down to the present festival:—the advent of Irnerius, the founder of the great School of Roman Law in Bologna; the discovery of Galvani, the electrician, with the inevitable frog; and even the manufacture of the famous *mortadelle* of Bologna being duly accentuated—all set forth in ballets performed by the students in appropriate and orthodox airy costumes, the intricate movements of the various dances being executed with perfect grace and first-rate effect.

And now it is all over. The University has celebrated her 800th birthday right royally, and most of the delegates are leaving her hospitable bounds for their various homes, all sorry to take their leave of quaint, old, festal, sweet-memoried Bologna.

A. H. B. C.



## VI.

### CONCLUDING NOTICE.

BOLOGNA ; *Thursday, 14th June.*

THIS great and memorable festival is now practically over. The statue of Galvani will indeed form the object of an interesting ovation this evening ; but your correspondent proposes to eschew this electrical demonstration, and to sally forth for an evening walk in the green and umbrageous environs, while to-morrow he will take a holiday for the purpose of visiting the famous Etruscan tombs of Marzobotto, on the property of the wealthy and hospitable Conte Pompeo Aria. Allow me, therefore, now to gather up a few remaining fragments and to point the inevitable moral. In the

first place, most fortunately, the weather has been perfect during the last three days, slightly cloudy, with a gentle breeze, the thermometer seldom rising much above 80° Fahr. in the shade. In the next place, the general verdict of all but a few of the inevitable croakers is that a more magnificent festival—academic, national, and international—has seldom or never been witnessed. In some few respects I venture to think that our own Tercentenary was superior, both in its arrangements (*quorum parva pars fui*) and in the purity of its academic character; but in respect of cordiality and enthusiasm, the profound interest attaching to the storied University, and magnificence of scenic effect, nothing could surpass the triumphant success of the Bologna Octocentenary, while the presence of nearly a thousand students, including fully a hundred foreigners, added

an altogether unique feature. To eye-witnesses I must of course leave it to describe the students' festivities; but I may state generally that, from the triumphal entry of Bacchus upon the Cask of Turin down to the carnivalesque Saturnalia of last night, they were at once well organized and exuberantly joyful. No rowdiness, no drunkenness, no discordant bawling of songs of dubious propriety; but many a ballad harmoniously sung in parts; many a wild, but never ungraceful, ebullition of animal spirits, and many a warm outburst of *Viva l'Italia! l'Inghilterra! la Germania! la Francia!* Chief of the organizers was Signor Pietri, a student of science, a dark, handsome, vivacious young Italian of immense energy and admirable administrative capacity, ably assisted by one of Count Saffi's sons and several others. Four students only, I regret to say, represented Great Britain,

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our own Edinburgh friend, two from Cambridge, and one from Naples. One of the Cambridge men spoke Italian, French, German, and Greek, while the Naples man was thoroughly master of Italian, showing that the British Isles do occasionally produce men of cosmopolitan character. To the exceptions I venture here to add Professor Middleton, of Cambridge, an accomplished Italian scholar, and Dr Pole, of the Royal Society and London University, an excellent linguist; while Sir William Muir could, if necessary, have made an eloquent speech in Hindustani or in Arabic.

And now I should like, as far as possible, to smash, pulverise, and annihilate the croakers and also those few wiseacres, who, understanding little or no Italian, declared they had discovered objectionable political allusions in the speeches of Professor Carducci and others. I fear

that in a former letter I spoke somewhat slightly of Signor Carducci's address ; but, alas ! the most patient and benevolent of auditors is apt to write unadvisedly with his pen after sitting wedged in a dense crowd for five hours in a heavy silk gown, with velvet facings and a fur hood, on one of the Italian dog-days ! The fact is that Signor Carducci is one of the most talented and popular men in Bologna, and his fame is known throughout Italy. He is a professor of Italian literature, a poet, an author, and a most eloquent speaker. I heard at the time, and have since read, the passages to which exception has been taken. In particular, he spoke of "a monarchical republican, a revolutionary monarch, an obedient dictator ; Victor Emmanuel conspiring with Mazzini and Garibaldi"—but conspiring, he added, only for the establishment of a reign of law and justice,

order and liberty. Altogether the speech was generally pronounced to be a magnificent composition, which, under more favourable circumstances, would have afforded the highest intellectual enjoyment. Dark hints of expressions displeasing both to France and to Germany were also thrown out by busybodies in search of political capital; but the best proof of their groundlessness is that French and German delegates alike have expressed their unanimous delight and perfect satisfaction with the whole proceedings. Some of the delegates, as already mentioned, grumbled because they did not meet with so much hospitality as they expected; but many of them were cordially received by some of the leading families of Bologna, while others preferred the independence of a hotel. The hospitality accorded was limited in some cases to a bed and a cup of *café noir* in

the morning, while in others it was of full measure, running over. Generally, however, it must be borne in mind that the Italian domestic arrangements do not admit of *Gastfreundschaft* on a very extensive scale, and ponderous British dinners are happily unknown. During a stay here of six days I have been favoured with one private invitation to dinner only, while under similar circumstances in more northern regions one would probably have been overwhelmed with two or three for each day. It is in fact to the absence of such kindly meant, but often oppressive, hospitality that many of the visitors have owed much of their enjoyment and independence, and that I have been indebted for time and quiet to write these evening letters to friends at home.

There are, however, real grievances indirectly connected with the festival, on which, as they may afford a lesson to

University reformers at home, I hope I may touch without indiscretion. The chief of these is, as I was informed by the highest University authorities, that they cannot move hand or foot without the consent of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and that that body may, out of regard for some more favoured University, retard or prevent much-needed reforms, or refuse to sanction necessary items of expenditure. It was to this want of perfect autonomy that some of the minor short-comings connected with the festival were due, whereas the entirely autonomous Students' Festival went off without a hitch. It is also a ground of complaint that, although new professors are elected by Government after consultation with the professors, the advice of the latter is not always taken. Another objection to a system which is admirable in many respects is the rigidity of the



*curricula* laid down by Act of Parliament, which cannot be modified without invoking the aid of the Legislature. Lastly, it seems a pity that the different Faculties should act entirely independently of each other, this being obviously an instance of the evils of "home rule" without any central or imperial control. The other day, for example, each faculty drew up its own list of honorary graduates without consulting the Rector or anybody else, with the result that their lists were of widely different lengths; but the numbers were more nearly equalised on the eve of the festival. (Letters 24, Law 31, Science 42, Medicine 25.) Several of the new *laureati*, I may mention, had the honour of being nominated twice: thus, Mr W. E. Gladstone, Mr Herbert Spencer (by the Faculties of Letters and Law), and Professors v. Helmholtz and v. Kölliker (by the Faculties of Medicine and Science).

Down to this moment I have been unable to procure these lists. The Rector himself has not yet received them, and two visits to the newspaper-offices have revealed the fact that my own list was more complete than theirs. But, while the University system is not faultless, no academic staff of professors and lecturers (about ninety in all, besides fifty extra-academic lecturers connected with the different faculties) could well be more efficient or satisfactory ; while both they and the 1400 students whom they teach (students of medicine most numerous ; then law, engineering, letters, &c.) are admirably sustaining the ancient and glorious reputation of the University. To the unwearied efforts of the Rector and his committee, as well as to those of Signor Pietri and his coadjutors, the unparalleled success of the proceedings is mainly due. A festival more deeply interesting, more

enthusiastic, more picturesque, more instructive, can hardly be conceived. Let us, therefore, cordially wish long life and prosperity to the quaint and famous old city and its amiable and good-looking inhabitants, and to the teachers and students of the *Alma Mater Studiorum*—the *caro, vecchio, celeberrimo Studio Bolognese!*

## POSTSCRIPT.

COMO—CALAIS—LONDON ;  
16th—18th June.


HAVING kept my promise to write a few letters about the Festival to friends at home, and having posted the last of them at midnight on Thursday, my duties as a chronicler are over; but, as Friday also proved a busy and interesting day, I venture to add a slight outline of its history. Chapter one began at midnight, when we (*i.e.*, one of the newspaper-correspondents staying at the hotel, a clever and delightful companion, and I) sallied forth in the lumbering omnibus to the station to meet a mutual friend passing through from Florence to Milan. Entering with our *biglietti d'ingresso*, we found several

hundred persons, chiefly students, assembled to take leave of a number of the delegates. One of the favourites among the latter was Professor v. Holtzendorff of Munich, who looked fatigued, and told me he had suffered from the heat; and most popular of all was Professor Hofmann of Berlin, the eloquent German spokesman, who had been a student at Bologna fifty years previously. What with the lateness of the train from Florence and its stoppage of nearly an hour at Bologna, the arrival of our mutual friend, eager and earnest conversations between groups of delegates and students, warm hand-shakings and embraces, and tender farewells as the train moved off amidst deafening shouts of *viva*,—the two first hours of the morning had sped, and all the omnibuses and cabs had departed. We walked back through the silent and

solemn labyrinth of arcaded streets in the glorious moonlight of an Italian summer night. Emerging on the Via Ugo Bassi, nearly opposite our hotel, we found the *café* already mentioned extending open arms of welcome. We sat down, imbibed some iced syrup through a straw, then crossed to our inn, and, about 2.40 A.M., said *felice notte!* As usual, the incorrigible *café*, which had been almost quiescent during our visit, became eruptive and explosive between three and four o'clock, but happily subsided about four.

Chapter two of Friday's history began with preconcerted breakfast at 7, after which we (the British chaplain, the laureated Oxford delegate, the representative of Durham, all most pleasant as well as learned companions, and I) took the early train to Marzabotto, beautifully situated at the foot of the Apennines,

fifteen miles to the south of Bologna, there to visit the antiquities for which the place is famous. By the kind arrangement of the proprietor, the public-spirited Conte Pompeo Aria, we were provided with a *cicerone*, who pointed out the sites of the ancient cities of Misano and Misanello, and the numerous tombs of Etruscan and Gallic origin, and then conducted us to the Count's rich and admirably arranged museum in the handsome Villa Aria—all deeply interesting. As to the great archæological importance of the place suffice it to say that it has been the subject of numerous memoirs and pamphlets, from the time of Fra Alberti (1550), who believed that the ancient cities had been built by the “grandsons of Noah,” down to the learned and accomplished Professor Brizio, who wrote an excellent account of the place, entitled “The Etruscan Pompeii,” in 1886,



and has superintended the arrangement of the very valuable museum. In 1871 Marzabotto was visited by the Congress of Prehistoric Archæology, under the patronage of Crown Prince Humbert; and in 1886 the new Museo, a full descriptive catalogue of which was published about the same time, was inaugurated by a great festival here. After an excellent luncheon at the unpretending village *locanda*, ordered on our arrival, we returned to Bologna in the afternoon, and at 6.30 went by invitation to dine with the hospitable Count in his beautiful town *palazzo*. Of his most pleasant little party or his choice *menu* it would be unbecoming to say anything; but I may perhaps venture to mention that not least among the attractions were his delicious home-grown wines, soft, silky, fragrant, pure, and innocuous. And thus delightfully ends a singularly enjoyable week



of unparalleled dissipation, interwoven with many a wholesome lesson, many a "thought too deep for utterance," many a kindly memory of dear old Bologna.

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand!" Chapter the last of Friday,—with its sad news of the Emperor's death, which we did not learn till 10 P.M., and the subdued grief and awe of departing delegates, and the mutterings of a distant thunderstorm, and the hasty leave-takings,—ends like all the previous chapters with the midnight train. One delicious day of repose on sweet Como's banks, another journey over the stupendous St Gothard, a pleasant glimpse at Lucerne, and a dusty and noisy run through France bring us to Calais. A cold crossing to Dover, and a gloomy rush to London, the squalid slums, the profuse dropping of h's, the fall of my thermometer from 82° to 52°

Fahr., the wretched little heaps of unripe cherries at a shilling a pound, while in Italy we had seen sunny luxuriant cart-loads at a penny, and our sudden relapse from the butterfly to the chrysalis stage,—all would certainly have produced wicked feelings of hatred and loathing but for the counteracting influences of a goodly and hospitable dinner in a comfortable English home by the side of a warm and blazing fire. And now this little story,—but never the bright and happy memory of the Octocentenary of Bologna—*Explicit*.

## APPENDIX.



L' VIII CENTENARIO DELLO STUDIO  
BOLOGNESE.

CANTICA.

I.

Entra. Da qual tu vegna  
Piaggia longinqua e strana,  
Sotto la santa insegna  
Della Scienza umana,  
Entra, o cultor del Vero,  
Qui tu non sei straniero.

Tocca la Terra amica,  
Bacia il vetusto Altar,  
E della gloria antica  
Le voci odi sonar.

Pensoso pellegrino,  
Ben giunto in mezzo a noi !  
L' istesso tuo cammino  
Fecero i padri tuoi ;  
E ai passi lor fu duce  
Desio d' un' alta luce.

Tocca la Terra amica,  
Bacia il vetusto Altar,  
E della gloria antica  
Le voci odi sonar.

## II.

Gloria !—L' universal Genio di Roma  
Qui si levò dall' ipogèo funèbre,  
E al secol triste ruppe le tenèbre  
Vesta, la santa Dea, vinta non doma.

Dove il vessil di Cesare ristette,  
Il tuo vessillo, o Felsina, passò,  
Rivinse e fe' le nobili vendette  
Della clade onde Augusto lagrimò.

Gloria !—Più vasto e con miglior destino  
Surse del Giure il rinnovato imperio,  
E rifiorì dal tuo buon seme, o Imerio,  
La primavera del mondo latino.

L' Anglo, il Germano, il Sarmata e l' Ibero  
I tuoi possenti richiami sentir,  
E di nova lorica armato il Vero  
Corse fidando incontro all' avvenir.

Gloria !—In questo di pace austero nido  
Manda l' Itala Musa i primi suoni :  
Ecco la dolce poesia di Guido  
Alto volar tra i nobili sermoni :

Ecco Pier delle Vigne e l' Alighiero  
Qui meditante il suo doppio ideal,  
L' ideal della Chiesa e dell' Impero  
Ch' egli confida al Carme spirital.

## III.

Salve, o asilo dell' anime  
Forti, che il Vero asseta !  
Tu desti le memorie  
Del Sofo e del Poeta.  
Nel sacro tuo recinto  
Ben Tolomeo fu vinto ;  
E al primo vol lanciaronsi,  
Luminosi titani,  
Copernico e Galvani ;

Onde allo sguardo intento  
L' oscuro firmamento  
Il suo mister svelò ;

Pei regni dell' ignoto  
Dal suo gran centro immoto  
Più vivo il Sol raggiò ;

E al gemino emisfero,  
Ratta come il pensiero,  
La Parola volò.

## IV.

O degli uomini Parola,  
O del Vero del Giusto altrice,  
Via per l' etere trasvola  
Instancabil viatrice.

Grida ai vasti continenti,  
 Narra agl' incolti del mar  
 Di che glorie si rammenti  
 Questa Terra e questo Altar.

Vola, spira, o Verbo alato,  
 Con mirifico portento.  
 Spezza il gladio formidato  
 Ne le mani al violento,  
 Dona ai mesti la fidanza  
 Ch' apre un secolo miglior,  
 Cresci ai forti la possanza  
 Nelle pugne col dolor.

Vola, spira. Al tuo comando  
 Chi pon limite e governo?  
 Combattendo, folgorando  
 Va pel mondo, o Verbo eterno,  
 Finchè cessi ogni atra guerra  
 Alla vindice Pietà,  
 E regine della terra  
 Sien Giustizia e Verità.

ENRICO PANZACCHI.



TRANSLATION OF PROF. PANZACCHI'S  
OCTOCENTENARY ODE.

I.

WELCOME ! from whatever nation,  
Strange and distant though your land,  
Under Wisdom's sacred banner  
Flocking hither, pilgrim band !  
Welcome, all who Truth revere :  
Such we deem no strangers here.

Touch this friendly Earth,  
And kiss her holy Shrine,  
And hear her ancient glory  
Sung in strains divine !

Thoughtful pilgrim, we receive thee  
In our midst an honoured guest !  
For thy fathers too have journeyed  
Often to this bourne of rest :  
While their noble quest of light  
Served to guide their steps aright.

Touch this friendly Earth,  
And kiss her holy Shrine,  
And hear her ancient glory  
Sung in strains divine !

## II.

Oh glorious city ! here Rome's mighty Genius  
Burst from his death-like swoon to life new-born ;  
While sacred Vesta, conquered, yet undaunted,  
Broke through the darkness of an age forlorn.

Where'er have waved the banners of Augustus,  
Thine thou hast reared, oh Felsina, on high ;  
And nobly hast avenged the dark disasters  
Wept by the Cæsars in sad days gone by.

Oh glorious city ! where firm-rooted Law  
Did life and strength to modern Empire bring ;  
And where Irnerius sowed the fruitful seed  
Which blossomed in the Latin world's new spring.

The Angle, German, Spaniard, and the Frank  
Have heard thy potent summons and obeyed ;  
And Truth, new-armed with breastplate, now goes  
forth  
To combat, full of hope and undismayed.

Oh glorious city ! from thy recluse nest  
The Italian Muse sends forth her earliest strain :  
Sweet poesy exalts our Guido's song  
Amidst the noblest prose supreme to reign.

Here, too, Pierre of Sicily was famed ;  
And here our glorious Dante pondered o'er  
His lofty twin ideals, Church and State,  
And framed them in his rich poetic lore.

•

III.\*

Hail ! Refuge of great minds,  
Who ever thirst for Truth !  
Full many a Seer and Bard  
Dwelt with thee in thy youth ;  
First some within these walls  
Old Ptolemy refute :  
And then sprang into life  
Great men of world-repute :  
    Copernicus, Galvani,  
    Ultra- and Citra- montani.

So now to the gaze intent  
On the wondrous firmament,  
Its mysteries are unpent.

Through regions yet unknown,  
From his mighty central throne  
Brighter the Sun has shone.

And our twin hemisphere  
With lightning-speed did hear  
Of these marvels now made clear.

\* Parts III. and IV. of this Ode were set to music by Baron Alberto Franchetti, and sung at the Commemoration Festival in the Archiginnasio on 12th June 1888.

## IV.

Oh Word of living man,  
Nurse of the Just and True,  
Fly through the ether's span,  
Unwearied, with strength ever new :  
Shout to the continents vast,  
Tell to the natives of ocean,  
The fame of this land's mighty past  
And the altars we love with devotion.

Fly, breathe, Oh winged Word,  
With wonder-working power !  
And break the dreaded sword  
Of our foes in danger's hour.  
Vouchsafe to the sorrowful trust  
In a better and happier age ;  
Give power to the strong and the just  
With the wicked their battles to wage.

Fly, breathe ! For thy commands  
Who dare limit or control ?  
Word Eternal, to all lands  
Go, illumine every soul :  
Till all gloomy wars shall cease  
To harass piety and worth ;  
And till two great Queens in peace,  
Truth and Justice, reign on Earth !

## THE OCTOCENTENARY ADDRESS.

By PROFESSOR GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

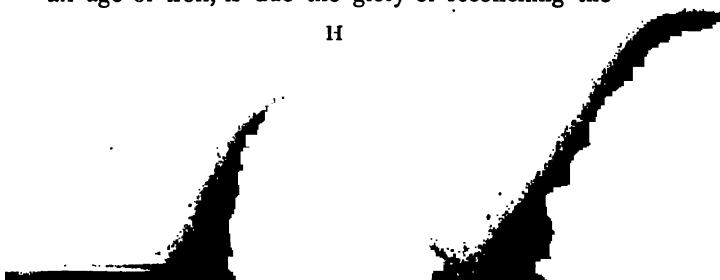
## I.

IN presence of your Majesty, who represent the sovereignty of the Italian people now united in one free country, the city of Bologna worthily commemorates to-day the foundation of its University, the harbinger of the new birth of Italy from the ruins of her ancient greatness into her second history. And in this commemoration, when we behold with admiration the light of the greatest glory of thought and knowledge in the world resplendent to-day in presence of the Crown of Italy, our hearts beat with love and inexpressible gratitude: with love for the ancient and sacred name of Italy; with gratitude to all who have suffered, fought, and died with the object of restoring that name to honour among the nations. And so to-day we can commemorate the noble deeds of our ancestors without fear of cavil, and we look forward with honest confidence to the future.

## II.

To our ancestors of the eleventh century, while Europe scarcely showed symptoms of emerging from an age of iron, is due the glory of reconciling the

## H



modern blood with the ancient, and of re-uniting Italian vigour with Roman good sense. Never indeed had the spirit of Roman culture sunk to a lower ebb ; law alone, the last gleam of the setting sun of Italy, illumines the Gothic obscurity and flashes at intervals through the legislation of the Lombards. At Rome, however, the imperial school of arts and jurisprudence continued to exist ; in Greek Italy the School of Ravenna preserved the Books of Justinian, and cherished the juridical culture of the East ; and in Lombard Italy the School of Pavia was proceeding to found a system of Germanic Law upon the ancient *Jus Romanum*. And when Roman culture, like a civil dictatorship over the Christian nations, was consecrated by the Church, together with the restoration of the Empire in the conquering nation, Roman Law appeared to rise in the esteem of the peoples as being common to all. At the beginning of that century which saw the School of Bologna established before its close, the third Emperor Otho, in delivering the Codes of Justinian to his Roman judges, said to them, "According to these judge ye Rome, the city of the Leo's, and the whole world."

In the conflict between Sacerdotalism and Empire, in the struggle between the supremacies in the course of which the mighty power of Rome was shattered, we still find lingering traces and gleams of that power. Thus, the victory of the Italian Pontiff, unarmed, a prisoner, dying, seems like a

victory of mind over matter, of will over force ; his voice resounding in the ancient tongue from the Seven Hills, seems at times to echo the thunder of the Roman edicts against the kings of the earth ; while the Germanic Emperor, rising afresh from his oft-renewed disasters, is inspired with a truly Roman constancy in defending and protecting the constitution against sacerdotal encroachments : — on the one side Christianity, imbued with Romanism, aspires to political power ; on the other, the spirit of Roman culture opposes it with Germanic arms. In the midst of the conflict between these two powers, which also represent two distinct ideas, the Italian people was born anew, and received something from each : from the Church the notions of popularity and revolution, and from the Empire those of authority and tradition. And the Empire found champions of her cause—not in the School of Rome, which had languished under the theocracy, nor in that of Pavia, but at Ravenna. The School of Ravenna, while disseminating the study of law throughout Lombardy, as far as Pavia, continued to flourish with more vigour within the bounds of its own Roman territory. It was at Ravenna that Pietro Crasso advocated the cause of the Emperor Henry IV., importing Roman Law into political reasonings, and discussing the origin and titles of the supreme power. And this, a thing unheard of during the despotism of the ancient Empire, actually occurred during the first dawn of

Italian liberty, about the year 1080, when, according to Odofredus, the books of the law were carried from Ravenna to Bologna.

### III.

After the vigour of the Italian people, increased by the contact of the Roman with the Germanic element in the municipalities, had attracted the feudal nobility from the country to participate in town life, the Roman cities exercised their jurisdiction by means of magistrates freely elected. How and when consuls succeeded the counts and the bishops is unknown ; nor is it known how and when the popular teaching of Roman Law began at Bologna. But certain it is that these two events, corresponding in point of time and origin, were not dependent on the will or exertions of any one set of men or on one specific cause, but were the offspring of a constant evolution through which the Italian people progressed to their political and social regeneration, now resuming and freely exercising the right to practice every possible branch of civil activity.

The School of Rome having been destroyed, the books of the law were carried to Ravenna, and from Ravenna to this city of Bologna—such, according to Odofredus, is not merely a tradition, but an historical fact. Who brought them hither? They were wafted by the breath of liberty, they were



brought by the spirit of that life, which, in upper and central Italy, the nucleus of the new fatherland, was working and agitating, and impelling the new-born nation to exchange their ancient homes and their ancient traditions alike for new action, for a wider and loftier sphere, for nobler dawning ideals. In the "sweet plain which slopes from Vercelli to Marcabò," as in prehistoric times there once surged a vast sheet of water, so in the eleventh century, the time preceding modern history, a tumultuous sea of life, made up of the various elements of Italian history, rolled down from the Alps to break against the Apennines; and beyond the Apennines, and along their ridge, the ancient Tuscany, Umbria, and Picenum responded to the struggling aspirations of the youth of Lombardy. Bologna, midway, at the foot of the Apennines, facing the Lombard kingdom, and flanked by the Exarchate and the Pentapolis, welcomed the confluence of spirits awakened to new life; and from Ravenna, widowed of Empire, and through the cities of the Romagna, which had perpetuated the customs and laws, as well as the name of Rome, she received the imperial heritage; and again from Pavia, widowed of supremacy, and through the medium of the cities of the Emilia, she inherited the last fruits of the Lombard regeneration. It was then that Bologna, posted like a sentinel at the foot of the Apennines on the outlook for a new Italy in the valley of the Po, began to fulfil her allotted task. And then

sweet music, resounding in silver tones from the cloisters of the Pomposa, seemed to greet the renaissance of the Italian people; and the towers springing up in the *fora* of the ancient Roman cities proclaimed the condescension of feudal lords to embrace civic life; and new churches arose in mingled architectural styles, as if in benediction of the union of the new citizens; and Bologna, the Umbrian, Etruscan, Celtic, Roman, and for three centuries Lombard city, opened her arms and clasped to her bosom the budding germs of all this wealth of life, and accepted her noble mission of new-moulding society in accordance with the great surviving principles of ancient law.

## IV.

The Bolognese School of Law arose by a process of evolution from an earlier institution, fertilised, so to speak, by pollen from the blossoms of Ravenna. There already existed at Bologna a respectable school of liberal studies, among which, according to Italian custom, law was included. A certain Pepo, whose name is mentioned about the year 1077 as a doctor and advocate pleading in presence of the Countess Matilda, expounded the law here, while grammar and dialectics were taught by Irnerius. A little later, on the decline of the School of Ravenna (possibly in consequence of the quarrel between Gregory VII. and Archbishop Guiberto, the Anti-

Pope), when the books of the law, together with the traditions and methods of that school were transferred to Bologna, Irnerius began to study and then to teach law either with these books or in accordance with these methods. According to the chroniclers, he next proceeded to amend the laws at the instance of Matilda, and thus earned the title of the Lamp of Law; and in 1113 his name appears for the first time as an advocate in presence of the Countess. The removal of the juridical traditions from Ravenna to Bologna may have been of the nature of a revolution and of resistance to the Empire. At all events the times having speedily changed or become more peaceful, tradition and her Bolognese vindicator returned to their allegiance to Empire as the fountain of authority; and accordingly in 1116 we find Irnerius, at the zenith of his fame, assisting as a judge at the ceremony with which Henry V. received the citizens of Bologna under his protection and accorded their city the amplest privileges; and in 1118 we hear of his accompanying the Emperor to Rome to advise the people to elect a pope agreeable to his imperial master.

Such then are the beginnings of the University of Bologna. Pepo began to lecture on law on his own account; of his own accord Irnerius began to study and then to teach law. Such is the tradition, uncontradicted, and bearing every appearance of truth. Master succeeded master; and the school gained strength by a process of evolution from

tradition and instruction in the midst of a political atmosphere of new ideas and new requirements. Private in its origin, the school soon became so authoritative that its master was honoured with the confidence of the emperor; so famous that in 1118, during the master's lifetime, poets sang of "the learned Bologna, which even carried her laws with her into the battle-field;" and so frequented by students eager to drink of the sources of law at their fountainhead, that the Emperor Frederick I. promulgated the constitution of Roncaglia in their favour in the year 1158.

At Roncaglia the Bolognese doctors, like their master, exhibited their staunch adherence to tradition and to the Empire. But a few years previously, in a monastery of Bologna, Gratian had compiled the Decretals; and the following year Alexander III., who had taught philosophy at Bologna, ascended the pontifical throne. So that, when Frederick I. in 1158 secured to the School its privileges as a University, the confluence of the streams of knowledge and the new Italian life had already taken place: the study of Civil Law had been inaugurated by Irnerius; Canon Law had been systematised by Gratian, while the conservative authority of the Empire had encountered the spirit of liberty which animated the league of Lombardy.

The School of Bologna sprang up and prospered as a private institution, it was founded and fostered by private enterprise; yet throughout

the history of the University we find repeated attempts to attribute its foundation to imperial authority. Now these were made in accordance with the spirit of the times, and they form the embodiment of an ideal truth. In the conscience of the middle ages the study of law goes hand in hand with the conception of imperial majesty, and the School follows the fortunes of the Empire, because, as a rule, it was the Emperor alone who could found schools. Hence the legend which traces the origin of the University back to Theodosius II., the founder of a system of public and private instruction in law. It is, at all events, undoubted that the method and aims of the Bolognese School were originally the same as those indicated by the constitution in which Justinian ordered the publication of the Digest, and by that in which he organised the study of law; and thence also proceeded the well-known tripartite division of the text adopted by the Bolognese teachers. The imperial school of law thus originated by Justinian and Theodosius, was, of course, intended to remain at Rome, but was afterwards transferred, in the manner already indicated, to Ravenna, and thence by a process of evolution, or perhaps of revolution, to Bologna. And having been re-established at Bologna as a popular school, it soon regained its ancient dignity as an imperial institution; but whether it was found in this condition, or was restored to it by the constitution of Roncaglia, by

which Frederick I., at the instance of the four doctors, renewed the privileges of professors and students once granted by Justinian, has not been clearly ascertained. Thus the genius of the Italian people, at once reforming and conservative, impresses upon every new acquisition of liberty, upon every advance in civilisation, the seal of history and tradition. And it was certainly from Roman traditions that the School of Bologna derived strength for the noble task allotted to her, and that she now inherits that international or cosmopolitan spirit which has been evolved from the revival of Roman culture in the middle ages.

## V.

The privileges of Roncaglia gave definite shape to the University of Jurists, or that corporation of the students of law of which the Studium of Bologna at first consisted. The University grew with Italian liberty; it was aristocratic down to the Peace of Constance (1178), and since then has been democratic in character. The constitution of the University seems in fact to have corresponded to that of the government, each advance of the nation being followed by corresponding progress on the part of the school. So, between the Peace of Constance and the sway of the Pepoli, Bologna attained her maximum of constitutional liberty, and the University the zenith of her European fame.

The University of Paris, chiefly theological, was a university of teachers ; that of Bologna, a school of law, was a university of students. These students, however, soon separated into two universities or corporations, that of the Italians or *citramontani*, and that of the foreigners or *ultramontani*, each of which was sub-divided into nations. Each nation elected one or two counsellors monthly, and these counsellors annually chose two rectors from the nations in turn, one for each university. The rectors, when in the exercise of their functions, took precedence of bishops, archbishops, and even cardinals. With the aid of the senate of counsellors, the rectors appointed professors, organised the *curricula* of study, exercised jurisdiction over the students and inferior university officials, concluded treaties with the civic authorities, regulated the relations of the university, particularly in regard to the purchase or sale or lending of the codes, and administered the university revenues with the help of two stewards. Lastly, on leaving office, they were called to account by four comptrollers. Such, in outline, was the constitution of the University of Bologna ; and upon the same model were based the other universities of Italy, those of Spain, and the schools of jurisprudence of France.

Its constitution was democratic. The fervour of independence which glowed in the Italian city seems to have affected the *ultramontani* also. The Franks, the Alemanni, the Bohemians, the

Poles, who had flocked hither from their feudal castles, from their abbeys, and from their seigniorial domains, here learned to submit to civil ordinances, experienced the advantages of living in common, and began to wish for equality. After the vicissitudes of travel, having crossed the Alps or arrived by sea, students from every part of Europe meeting here found their native countries again in the nations into which the universities were divided; in the University they recognised a miniature state; and in the common use of the Latin tongue they aspired to that higher union, that international brotherhood of civilised peoples for which Rome paved the way with her Law, which the Gospel has proclaimed in a spiritual sense, and which modern culture demands through Reason. O Italy, beloved country! In the miseries of thy bondage thou didst delight in imagining the eagles of victory again flying forth from the Seven Hills over all nations; but perchance thy true glory, thy noblest revenge, were to be sought for at Bologna, where with the tongue of the ancient empire thou didst proclaim to the very nations who had oppressed thee the new gospel of civilisation, and didst teach them to throw off the yoke of barbarism and again become Roman!

## VI.

To Bologna belong the origin and the history of her University; and accordingly the municipality



rightly insisted on exacting from the professors and the students an oath that they would never carry the University beyond the Reno, and on bounding by the Apōsa\* the privileges conceded to the professors by the Roman laws; and thus in stormy and perilous times this great seat of learning acquired a character of dignity and stability. But early in the second half of the twelfth century the University became still more permanently Italian, inasmuch as Bologna became the focus of the culture of the whole peninsula, and the foremost national temple of thought and science.

Modena, Piacenza, the whole of Lombardy, and notably Cremona, both before and after the Peace of Constance, gave professors to the University; so also did the Province of Verona, so also Tuscany. Florence even sent her a whole colony of teachers, headed by the Accursii, so much so, that the monuments of Florentine genius and learning prior to the time of Dante are to be sought for at Bologna. Students come from the kingdom of the south, and Lombards from Beneventum, and the great secretary Pier della Vigna return thither as masters. Throughout the whole of this period the intellect of Italy lives at Bologna; thither is wafted thought from every quarter, and thence it is disseminated throughout the whole world. Emigrants from Bologna found the schools of Modena, Mantua, Piacenza, Vicenza, and Arezzo, and above all, the famous

\* The rivers near which Bologna is situated.

University of Padua. And soon her influence extends beyond the Alps and beyond the sea ; Placentinus, once an indefatigable professor here, becomes the first lecturer at Montpellier, and Vacarius transplants Roman Law to Oxford. In return, Bologna soon receives foreigners into her republic of letters, including at the beginning of the thirteenth century a Frenchman, a Spaniard, and a Bohemian. Let us record their names in presence of the ancient brotherhood of Europe which to-day honours us : Bernardo Dorna, Ponzio di Lerida, and Damaso.

Thus from Pepo to Imerius, from Imerius to the four doctors, from Bulgaro to Alberico of Porta Ravennana, from Alberico to Bassiano, Azo, and Accursius, the lamp of knowledge has been handed down, gleaming with ever brighter lustre ; the interpretation of the law, at once austere and refined, steadily progresses, and becomes richer, fuller, and more precise.

It was not at this period that students were enslaved to the letter of the law ; the opinions of the masters were committed to writing or learned by heart, and were then freely discussed in the schools. And with what industry and fervour ! The name of Azo passed into a proverb because he declared that he had no time to be ill except during vacation, and during vacation he died. And how friendly, too, in those days was learning towards public life, in spite of the unworthy desire of some to divorce

theory from practice and to deny to the schools the freedom of the city! A number of the glossarists, for example, became magistrates of cities; Jacopo Baldovini went to Genoa, amended the laws, and delivered his opinions armed and mounted on horseback. In one of the halls of our municipal palace modern art has depicted the vigorous figure of a glossarist intent on writing in a codex which he has picked up from among a heap lying on the pavement. He writes, buried in thought, and does not once raise his eyes. In the distance behind him smiles Bologna, roseate in sunshine, with its terracotta edifices and its forest of recently-built towers. May revels in the verdant plain; and across the plain are seen files of infantry and troops of cavalry hastening towards the city—stalwart warriors brandishing their arms and standards around a chariot, above which waves majestically the great banner of the city, in honour of the king, the son of the Emperor, whom they are carrying captive to Bologna—an admirable embodiment of the poetry of history. The four doctors had maintained at Roncaglia the rights of the Empire; but soon the peaceful Latin of the *glossa* was interrupted by the alarm-bell of the Lombard League, and both cities and their schools prepared for war. A spirit of liberty speedily pervades the University. Already Placentinus had accused the four wretches, as he called them, of betraying the liberties of Italy to Frederick I. And, again, when Frederick II.

threatened Bologna in order to procure the release of his son Enzo, Rolandino de' Passaggeri, lecturer on the notarial art, was instructed to write to him: "If you come you will find us ready. We are not reeds bending with a gust of wind. We shall fight." After the civil war had raged for forty days in the streets of Bologna, the same Rolandino raised and commanded a company of troops bearing the sign of the cross, a kind of national guard for the protection of the city. The citizens then appointed him a perpetual magistrate, or almost a dictator, and assigned him a public body-guard. Another and even more striking instance of the intimate relations between the city and the University is the case of Accursius, who, according to tradition, having completed the *glossa*, presented it to the people, by whom it was accepted as the law of the city. We find, in short, a revival of Roman life. The glossarists had resumed and continued the work of the classical jurists, and had become the new authors and founders of the law of the Empire. The Justinianian law henceforth exists, and is in force both in private life and in the forum, solely through the medium of the *glossa*, as finally arranged and digested by Accursius, whose work becomes the guiding authority rather than the original text. Nor is this great revival of learning in the School of Bologna merely transient. About half-a-century after the death of Accursius a new era begins with two famous doctors of Bologna, Cinus of Pistoia, and his pupil Bartolus,

who somewhat resemble the ancient Roman Trebatius and his disciple Labeo. The fame of Bartolus, who founded a new school of jurisprudence, is unsurpassed among mediæval jurists ; while Cinus, a refined scholar, seems to have been the first apostle of that higher culture or humanism which was destined to culminate in the quasi-Roman genius of Nicolò Machiavelli.

But, to return to Bologna and her ancient *glossa*, it is worthy of being recorded that the Bolognese, inspired with sentiments worthy of Rome, resolved, at the time of the general banishment of the Ghibellines, to exempt the Accursii from exile, and to grant to them, though vanquished, all the privileges of the conquering party : because the aged Accursius and his sons had been masters of the students of every country, and had, with the book of the *glossa*, spread the fame of Bologna throughout the whole world.

## VII.

When a city so highly appreciates the noble mission of education, she is well worthy of having embraced within her schools the greatest representatives of every branch of study. From the twelfth century onwards, besides the leading study of law, there also continued to flourish at Bologna those studies which our ancestors worthily called liberal arts and humane letters ; and the fame of the

University also attracted both teachers and learners of various minor branches of knowledge which contribute to enrich and ennoble human life. And thus was our modern idea of a university developed and defined at Bologna during the thirteenth century.

Philosophy and philology were specially honoured. Even the earliest glossarists show their acquaintance with the doctrines of Abélard and the French School. And Frederick II. sent a Latin version of the works of Aristotle and the Arabic commentaries, drawn up by his order, to the doctors of philosophy of Bologna, as "the most illustrious masters, who knew how to draw from old cisterns living waters for thirsting lips, and who, in reviving the study of ancient works, could wisely refute obsolete dogmas." To Godfrey, an Englishman, either a teacher or a student at the University, who at all events dedicates his work to venerable Bologna, belongs the credit of reviving classicism, of restoring Latin verse from barbarous rhythm to refined metre, and of exalting Latin prose from degradation to its ancient purity. Boncompagno, a Florentine, continued this revival of Latinity by introducing the purified language into the secretarial documents of courts and cities; and he was the first Italian of the Renaissance to adapt the style of ancient historians to a narration of the recent trials of the people in their war of independence against Barbarossa.

In the new languages of society, too, outside the

precincts of the University, was thrilling the poetic spirit evolved from the still heated fusion of peoples who had become Roman. With students from joyous Provence and heroic France came minstrels, troubadours, and jesters ; and while in the morning the streets resounded with the Latin of the *glossa* in the mouths of thousands of students, they were enlivened in the evening by the strains of the epic viol and the lyric lute. It is said that the songs which celebrated the prowess of France, awakening the echoes of the grave academic piazza, disturbed the civic magnates in their palaces, and were forbidden by them ; but Rambertino Buvailelli, once consul at Bologna, and five times chief magistrate in the foremost cities of Italy, himself addressed love-ballads in the dialect of Provence to the fair ladies of Bologna and Ferrara. They were chivalrous, this Latin population of votaries of the law, and their minds were receptive of all the new ideas of the age. The French ballad-singers were succeeded by Italian minstrels, who sang in the piazza of the great banishment of the Ghibellines, a theme probably more pleasing to the city magnates ; the serenade at dawn beneath the balcony, where an eagerly listening Imelda might be stationed, intoned the morning greeting of lovers ; while the noisy wranglers of the street-corners furnished comic satire with a fruitful theme from real life. And in monasteries and palaces too, the poetry and the prose of the new Latin speech began to dispute the supremacy of the ancient tongue :

Fra Guidotto furbished up the old rhetoric of Cicero for the purpose of training public orators ; and Guido Guinizzelli, tempering learning with sentiment and popular taste with ancient art, at length gave a national form to vulgar rhymes.

Meanwhile to philosophers and grammarians were gradually added physicians and masters of the more practical arts. Taddeo Alderotti, a Florentine, performed miraculous cures at the courts of princes and expounded Hippocrates and Galenus in the schools ; Mondino de' Luzzi, a Bolognese, taught the anatomy of the human frame ; and Pier de' Crescenzi, another Bolognese, restored agriculture to its ancient dignity, being the first since Roman times to treat the subject on a learned and scientific system. There was also a well-frequented university of artists, presided over by rectors independent of the lawyers, at the time when Dante visited Bologna. Here, under the shadow of the Torre Garisenda, the immortal poet composed love-songs, and extolled the elegance of the Bolognese conversation and style of writing, and greeted the illustrious doctors of Bologna as masters and fathers, and did not disdain to enter into a contest of Latin verses with the grammarians of Bologna. It was at Bologna, after the death of the poet, that a complete version of his divine poem was first published ; and our city also gave birth to his earliest, most reverential, and most learned commentators. About the close of the fourteenth century Benvenuto Rambaldi, of the Romagna, lectured upon Dante in the Univer-



sity, and in commenting upon a passage of melancholy foreboding, exclaimed with prophetic instinct—"The Roman Curia and the Imperial Court are betraying the liberties of Italy."

VIII.

With these words, which indicate a consciousness on the part of the Italians of errors committed, and a presentiment of consequent evils, the greatest epoch of the independence of Bologna and of her ancient University comes to a close. Yet the future historian of the University must not neglect to bestow on the subsequent and less famous period its well-merited meed of praise. Let him relate how observation of natural phenomena first took scientific shape at Bologna; how comparative anatomy and natural history originated here, and how pathological anatomy and hydraulic science were afterwards developed; how at length the ancient Studium was developed by these means into the modern University; and how the professors of the old school terminated with Luigi Galvani, whose discovery revolutionized science, and the scholars of the old stamp with Luigi Zamboni, through whose blood the liberty of Italy was restored.

With historic repetition, in a new age of marvellous development built upon irreparable ruin, far down a vista of infinite prospects, the University of Bologna, in the strength of her ancient memories,

may some day resume the civil jurisdiction which she once exercised. If so, she will resume it in a higher, nobler, and purer sense, by developing for the benefit of every nation another portion of the juridical inheritance of ancient Rome. In former times, while Italian public life was spontaneously revived in the cities, the tendency of the public law of the Digest was in favour of Imperialism and not of liberty ; and by this continuing tendency the glossarists were hampered and fettered. Now that Italy, after her long martyrdom, has inaugurated a new era of freedom and nationality, why should she not call upon this age to receive into the new political ideals which she untiringly seeks whatever of Roman Public Law is untainted with imperial despotism ? In poetry, in art, in philosophy, Italy has been the means of restoring to Europe the ideas of the serenest antiquity of the Aryan races, ideas of order, harmony, and beauty ; and the beneficence of this restoration is far from losing its efficacy. Why should not Italy strive to learn from the same Rome, which understood so gloriously the art of uniting nations, principles for the guidance and spontaneous federation of modern peoples ? And might she not learn them with the aid of this University, so long consecrated to such tasks, both by ancient traditions and by modern needs ?

Every road leads to Rome—so runs a common proverb of the Latin nations—but for Italy this saying is at once history and poetry, and throbs continu-

ally in her bosom. Italy, gratefully mindful of the fact that her fame had grown with that of Rome, was ever willing to go thither by every possible route—in the middle ages by that of law; in the renaissance by that of art; in our own age by that of politics—to Rome, to which, thanks to her protected independence and her liberty guaranteed by union, she had given the strength of her arms and the vigour of her thoughts; to Rome, though, under the *régime* of imperialism and pontifical theocracy, Rome was forgetful of her and the ancient compact. A great man among our fathers, more keenly than any one else, felt this necessity of Italian history; in that lofty and austere intellect, in that heart of Italian hearts, the idea of the Gracchi became modern; Giuseppe Mazzini, more distinctly than any one, saw the glorious vision of the third Rome, sublime, resplendent, no longer aristocratic, or imperial, or pontifical, but Italian. And from secret dens of conspiracy, from school and market-place, from prison and scaffold, from battle-field, from parliament, from palace, Italy, with the skulls of her beheaded martyrs, with the books of her philosophers and the songs of her poets, with the treaties of diplomacy, with the sword of revolution, and with the artillery of her king, knocked persistently at the gates of Rome until she was enthroned upon the Quirinal and the Capitol. And this sacredness of daring and devotion, unheard of in any other history, have rendered her worthy of this: a monarchical repub-

lican, a revolutionary monarch, and an obedient dictator—Mazzini, and Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi conspiring with a common object in view. Hence it is that Bologna to-day, on the twenty-ninth anniversary of 12th June 1859, when she witnessed the final banishment of her foreign masters, joyfully salutes in her great republican square, between the palace of the magistrates, where she once kept the Alemannic king in captivity, and the venerable temple of St Petronio, which she reared in memory of the overthrow of the domestic tyranny of the Visconti,—joyfully salutes a work of art not inferior to works of antiquity, the solemn monument of a patriotism superior to that of antiquity, the statue of King Victor Emmanuel II. fighting for the liberties of Italy.\* Hence it is that to-day the glorious Superga,† with the tomb of the most unhappy king of the House of Savoy, in vain offers to receive the remains of the greatest monarch, not merely of that house, but of the present age, the monarch who was invoked and hailed as the deliverer of the Italian nation. After Victor, the King of the Alps, had planted his eagle on the fateful hill where Romulus once consulted the auspices as to the foundation of the city, Rome, folding in her divine embrace the

\* An allusion to the inauguration of the monument in the principal piazza of the city on the previous day.

† Burial-place of the House of Savoy, near Turin, where, among other princes, the unyielding Victor Emmanuel I. is buried.

mortal remains of the King of Italy and Rome, received them into the temple of all the ancient gods of the country. Neither piety nor impiety of man shall ever remove Victor from the Pantheon; neither malignity nor violence shall ever lower at Rome that glorious standard which triumphantly rose from the shame of the scaffold to the light of the Capitol. You, Sire, the faithful representative of eight centuries of Italian history, the august interpreter and vindicator of the wishes of the whole Italian nation, you, O King, in the hearing of the whole world, have uttered the ever-memorable words, "Rome, the unassailable!" Truly, O King, the unassailable treasure of the Italian people, a treasure won for themselves and for the liberty of all.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR  
I. B. GANDINI.

AD LEGATOS UNIVERSITATUM ET COLLEGIORUM  
ERUDITORUM: BONONIAE: PRIDIE IDUS IUNIAS:  
A. MDCCCLXXXVIII.

QUOD ante oculos nostros obversatur spectaculi genus est eiusmodi, quo Bononiensis civitas omnis maximeque huius Academiae antistites et doctores vehementer commoveantur. Nam quod Graecum illum oratorem, quum Roma rediisset ex legatione, domino suo renuntiasset ferunt, urbem sibi deorum templum visam esse, senatum concilium regum, id mihi videtur hodierno die de hac urbe deque hoc consessu verissime posse praedicari. Non enim ex Italia tantum, sed ex omni Europa atque etiam ex ultimis terris summa dignitate et amplitudine viros, doctores divinae humanaeque sapientiae clarissimos et nobilissimos convenisse videmus, ut hanc almam studiorum parentem frequentia sua ornarent ac celebrarent. Quos quidem viros vere principes et reges licet appellare, siquidem rerum domina est sapientia, eiusque domicilium stabile ac praecipuum in Aca-  
demiis est collocatum, unde artes omnes et inventa, quibus vitam excultam expolitamque habemus, longe lateque fluere et ad omnes omnium ordinum cives permanere solent.

His talibus viris, qui academicam dignitatem non ingenio solum et doctrina, sed specie ipsa et gravitate sustinent, his perfectis hominibus planeque sapientibus, qui incredibili veri inveniendi cupiditate incensi omnes vigilias, curas, cogitationes in interioribus litteris atque in reconditis abstrusisque rebus defixerunt, iustam ac meritam laudem tribuimus, proque immortalī eorum in Academiam nostram beneficio gratias maximas et agimus et habemus.

Salvete igitur, Viri humanissimi et doctissimi, et iterum salvete. Utinam hic dies, quem propter eximiam humanitatem vestram vere natalem Academiae nostrae appellare possumus, et vobis faustus et universae litterarum et artium reipublicae salutaris sit. Et quoniam doctrinae omnes liberales atque ingenuae animorum securitatem desiderant, ac pace, id est tranquilla libertate, aluntur et crescunt, vota mecum facite, sapientissimi Viri, ut sedatis aliquando gentium nationumque discidiis bellum hoc immane et intolerandum, quod pacis nomine iamdiu toti Europae imminet, tandem depellatur, nec iam ullus relinquatur populorum contentione loci, nisi virtutis certamen et aemulatio artium honestissimarum, quibus rebus civitatum commoda et generis humani dignitas praecipue continentur.

LETTER FROM THE LATE EMPEROR  
FREDERICK.

BERLIN ; 9th June 1888.

I welcome and greet with great sympathy the Festival of the University of Bologna and the ennobling recollections which are bound up with its eight hundred years' history for Germany and Italy. I love to recollect the ancient relationship of the Germans to your High School, which began with the privileges bestowed upon it by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa seven hundred years ago, and was continued by countless numbers of Germany's best sons, who undertook pilgrimages over the lofty Alps to draw inspiration from the doctrines of the newly-founded jurisprudence, and to bring back to their homes and to the Fatherland the products of great men's thoughts and ideas of the olden time. It was at Bologna that the seed was sown which has supplied food for German jurisprudence down to this day, and the instruction of Bologna became the prototype, the model for the academic freedom of our German Universities. Bearing in mind all that Germany owes her, I send my blessing and greeting to the famous University of Bologna on the occasion of her memorable celebration. May she for ever remain in united Italy what in science and culture is said of her on the old coins, "*Bononia Docens.*"

(Signed)      FRIEDRICH, Imp. Rex.



## NORD UND SÜD.

BY PROF. F. VON HOLTZENDORFF.

KENNT Ihr das nord'sche Volk in Waffen,  
Das eitle Ruhmgier nie verführt?  
Wo rüst'ge Hände fleissig schaffen,  
Ein zartes Lied die Herzen rührt?  
Wo prüfend was da ist und war,  
Die Wissenschaft auf kühnen Schwingen  
Gleich ihrem kaiserlichen Aar  
Zum Lichte strebt emporzudringen?

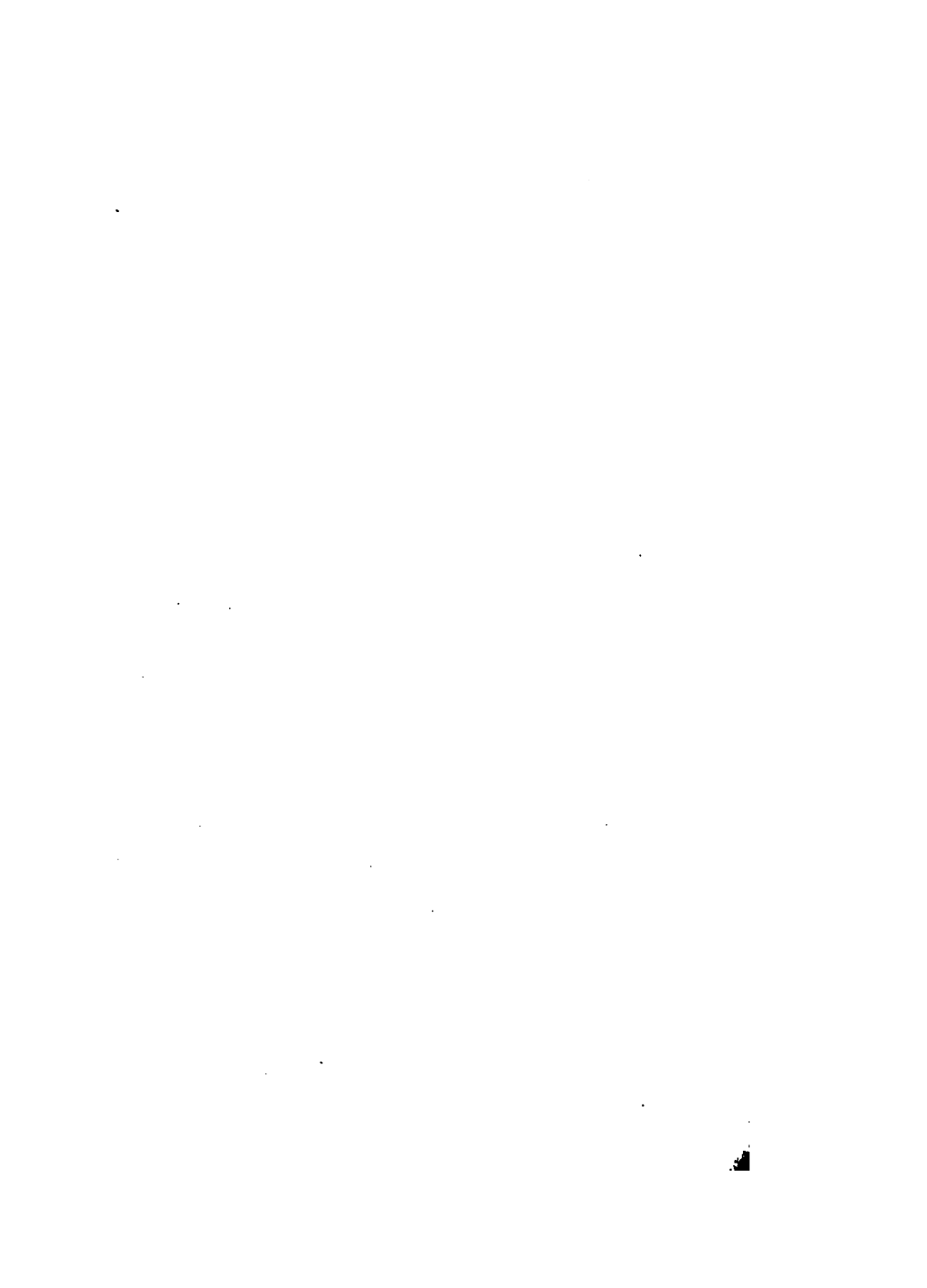
Kennt Ihr das Südländ, wo aus Trümmern  
Der Vorzeit ew'ge Jugend spriesst?  
Wo Wissensschätze strahlend schimmern,  
Der Künste Urquell sich erschliesst?  
Da werden müde Kräfte jung,  
Wenn an den blauen Felsgestaden  
In Fluten der Erinnerung  
Die Pilger ihre Seelen baden.

Durch Fels und Meer hat sich gefunden  
Was ehemals verfeindet schien.  
Wir kennen uns, wir sind verbunden,  
Der Rheinstrom grüsst den Apennin.  
In brüderlichem Hochgefühl  
Sehn wir gemeinsam uns beschieden  
Das gleiche Recht, das gleiche Ziel:  
Die heil'ge FREIHEIT und den FRIEDEN.

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